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EDITORIAL NOTICE:—The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged It is preferred that MSS. should be typewritten.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

Of all our public men Lord Milner is the most inscrutable and inaccessible. He was sent in 1917 on a Special Mission to Petrograd, but nobody ever heard what he thought or said about the Russian situation. Three months ago, or thereabouts, he departed on a Special Mission to Egypt, accompanied by Mr. J. A. Spender of the *Westminster Gazette* and other experts and pundits. Presumably he formed some views on the situation in Egypt, which he has communicated to the Government, or at least to Lord Curzon. Is it not time that we knew what these views are? In other words, when are we going to see his Report on Egypt? Subsequent information from those who have lately returned from Egypt convinces us that there is more in the demands of the Nationalists than the clamour of students, displaced effendis, and donkey-boys. Egypt was not well treated by her English masters during the war, and as the number has increased, the quality of English officials has unfortunately, but unmistakeably, declined.

It would be a risible stroke of fortune if the Poles were, after all, to do what British, French and Americans have failed to do, namely, break Bolshevism. It looks as if the Polish army might take Kieff: but the real defeat of the Lenin-Trotsky tyranny must depend on whether the Ukrainians join the Poles. The Ukraine or Southern Russia is one of the most fertile regions in Europe; it is indeed so rich that it is inconceivable that its inhabitants, amongst whom there is, or was, an educated class, will not shake off the reign of murder and rapine. But against the successes of the Polish army must be set the news that the Bolsheviks have captured Baku. Everybody should read the story of "The Dunster Force" as told by General Dunsterville. With a mere handful of men and forty Ford cars General Dunsterville saved Bagdad and Teheran from Germans, Turks, and Bolshies in 1918. He tried to hold Baku, but the folly of the Whites forced him to abandon the attempt.

When some member of Parliament questioned Mr. Bonar Law about the expenses of special boats and trains for the conveyance of Lord Curzon and Sir Henry Wilson and their swarms of attendant secretaries to San Remo, the usual indignant and sycophantic cheer greeted the Government answer. What foolish parsimony! How mean to ask such questions! And how absolutely necessary it is that Lord Curzon and Sir Henry Wilson and their staffs should be whisked at lightning speed to San Remo! An hour or two would have made such a difference to the fate of Europe! Such was the implication of Mr. Bonar Law's reply. Yet was the interrogating M.P. perfectly in the right. It is not the actual cost of these special boats and special trains that matters: it is the spirit of the thing that angers the public. It shows the steady determination of those at the top of the tree to go on spending the public money in a recklessly extravagant fashion. "Sands make the mountain"; and until our governors begin to save in small things, like special boats and trains, there will be no saving, we may be sure, either in big things or in domestic expenditure.

We regard the gigantic combine of shipping, steel and coal concerns, of which news comes to us from Canada, with apprehension and dislike. It is only the beginning of a number of mammoth trusts, which will throw the control of all the vital products of industry into the hands of a few millionaires like the Messrs. Vickers and Lord Beaverbrook. This particular combine is said to link up all the coal, steel, and shipping concerns of Canada with sundry British groups like Furness, Beardmore, and others. The "honest broker," the skilled intermediary who has arranged this leviathan affair, is said to be Colonel Grant Morden, of cellulose celebrity. If men of this type should ever really secure a monopoly of steel, coal, and ships, God help the consumer!

The Government's attempt to deprive citizens of their elementary legal rights and to protect Government officers from the many foolish, extravagant, and reck-



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less deeds done during the war by an Indemnity Bill received a rude check on Monday. Of course, we do not mean that the foolish and extravagant and reckless officials should be pecuniarily responsible, but that their departments, chiefly the War Office and the Admiralty, should be. The Indemnity Bill is an endeavour on the part of Government to substitute for the Courts of Law the judgment of a War Losses Commission composed of officials appointed by the Government. Take the Loch Doon Aerodrome, for instance, one of the worst scandals done under the protection of the Defence of the Realm Act. Two or three millions were spent, and a neighbouring estate ruined, by the fool who planned the aerodrome, which had to be abandoned. The owner of the estate is left with a ruined property and a claim to compensation. If British subjects have any rights at all under their Constitution, surely that of redress from the Law Courts for injury and damage, even by the acts of Government, is inalienable. The Government have agreed to put more lawyers on the Commission, and to allow an appeal on points of law. Costs, costs, costs!

We note with satisfaction that Jim Larkin, the leader of many a strike in Dublin, has met with no encouragement in America. On the contrary, he has been condemned to five years' penal servitude for "criminal anarchy." We also observe that many of the strike leaders in France have been arrested on a charge of "plotting against the safety of the State." How comes it that England is the only country where strike leaders are allowed to indulge in "criminal anarchy" and "plotting against the safety of the State" with absolute impunity? Mr. Tom Mann, Mr. Robert Williams, Mr. Smillie, and Mr. Cramp, have frequently made speeches which have no other characteristic but "criminal anarchy" and "plotting against the safety of the State": yet nothing is ever done. The policy of laughing at these rascals and treating them with contempt may be carried too far. In the eighteenth century the fashionables of the French Court and the "high brows" of the Faubourg St. Germain were quite delighted with the writings of Rousseau and the Encyclopedists. What style! what wit! They were charming, those new theories; but they cost the Court and the Faubourg their heads.

The pronounced and progressive shortage of paper, and the diminishing supply of wood pulp, have brought American newspaper owners to their senses. They recognise at last that the size of the American newspaper, particularly the weekly, is absurd. The American weekly is not in the least like the SATURDAY REVIEW, or the *Spectator*, or the *Nation*, either in form or contents. It consists of 100 pages, or more, and is, as Messrs. Munsey and Hearst at length admit, an attempt to combine the illustrated magazine with the weekly purveyor of news and criticism. In twenty-five years, they tell us, the wood forests which supply the pulp, will have disappeared under the axe. The American weekly is a fearful thing, and its mere handling a wearisome and irritating action. All newspapers, in this country, as in America, are too voluminous, and try to give too much for the money. The cure is the old remedy of specialisation. Some papers should give news and pictures, and others criticism and original writing.

Sir Edward Mackay Edgar, chairman of Sperling and Co., the well-known issuing house, has made a very spirited and damaging attack on the Excess Profits Duty. The vicious circle of increased cost and higher and ever higher prices is aptly described as a "Dervish dance"; and Sir Edward says, with too much truth, that "no one, unless he is demented, will start a new concern, face to face with the fact that he has no pre-war standard, and that he must pay a tax so great that he cannot hope to compete with the old-established firms in his line of business." Having ruled out the young man with ideas, as hopelessly handicapped by the tax, Sir Edward tells us that the old-established

firms can only meet the duty by higher prices to the consumer. In some cases the duty will mean closing down. The Northumberland Shipping Company has bought the Chepstow shipyard from the nation; but it cannot carry on under this crushing taxation, and will have to close down, and turn 1,500 men out of employment. And what Chepstow does to-day many other yards and mills will be obliged to do to-morrow.

Sir Edward Mackay Edgar says with inextinguishable force and point that the only way to save the nation from bankruptcy is to "cut down the fantastic estimates," such as £1,400,000,000, which are so complacently swallowed by the House of Commons. We suggest the following reductions of expenditure as imperatively necessary, if we are ever to restore the balance of our Budgets. 1. Mr. Fisher must drop his new Education scheme, estimated to cost £40,000,000. 2. Dr. Addison must drop his Housing scheme. If the restriction of rents is removed, the building trade will quickly revive on the basis of private enterprise. 3. The Unemployment Insurance Bill, estimated to cost £20,000,000 a year, must be dropped. 4. All unemployment doles must at once be stopped. 5. If the Home Rule Bill passes, Britain must at once stop paying old-age pensions in Ireland. 6. The Ministry of Health must be abolished. Health is important, but people must look after their own health, and pay their own doctors' and dentists' bills. 7. The Ministry of Transport must be got rid of, as unnecessary. The staffs of the War Office, Ministry of Labour, and Board of Trade must be reduced, and the Employment Exchanges suppressed. 9. All controls must cease.

Such reductions as these, which might bring down our expenditure by some hundreds of millions, would, of course, raise a howl of execration in Whitehall and in the press: and it would require great courage to propose them. But if somebody is not found to do it, we agree with Sir Edward that we must drift into bankruptcy, which means repudiation. Education bills, and housing bills, and unemployment insurance, are all very nice things, but they are the luxuries of a rich nation, which can make both ends meet without borrowing. Of two evils choose the less. Would it not be better to restore our professors to the lecture-room and the theatre than to repudiate our debts? Two improvements have been made. We have got rid of Slough and Lord Inverforth; and we have got rid of the Shipping Control and Sir Joseph Maclay, who made the little mistake of £100,000,000 in his estimates. Presumably these two Ministers will return to their native heath, which is Glasgow. If we could only slip Dr. Addison and Mr. Fisher, there might still be a ray of hope for economy.

The appeal made at the Guildhall for the subscription of six per cent. Housing Bonds (in a letter from the Prime Minister and a speech from Mr. Bonar Law) is based on three grounds. 1. We are told that it is a call of patriotism to find money to build houses for artisans, which they are to buy at prices below their cost, or to hire at rents below the market figure. We reply that the supply of houses is no different from the supply of clothes or food, and that the working-classes can well afford to pay the economic price or rent. If the Government will take off their rent restrictions and stop their subsidies, houses in plenty will be built by private enterprise. 2. We are told that the Housing Bonds are a sound investment, as good as, or better than, Government Bonds. This is untrue. The taxes are now so heavy that people naturally try to get as high a rate of interest as they can. When they can get 7 or 8 or even 9 per cent. in good debentures and preference shares from the Stock Exchange, why should they take 6 per cent. from a municipal authority? What is the security? The houses built may not be occupied; or the rents may not be paid. What then? The rates of the borough will meet it: but rates are now so high that nothing is more probable than a strike against rates.

The third ground on which the citizens are urged to put up money is a mixture of wheedling and threatening. Mr. Lloyd George cannot resist the familiar "wheeze" about "happy homes"; while Mr. Bonar Law hints vaguely at terrible consequences, a sullen and angry people, possible revolution, and even bloodshed. The Prime Minister is wrong: there will be no "happy homes" in this country so long as the Government continue to bribe the anarchical sections of society out of the pockets of the industrial and frugal classes. Every concession is followed by a fresh demand, and so far from happiness being purchased, the new demands are more angrily made, because regarded as rights delayed. Witness the railwaymen. The ink is hardly dry on the last agreement when a new £1 a week (meaning £30,000,000 a year) is requested. As for the threats of revolution, we came to the conclusion long ago that the vital, fundamental question whether certain privileged classes of labour are to be fed, and housed, and educated, and doctored at the expense of the rest of the community will have to be faced and fought out. For the moment, the one thing needful is to keep Dr. Addison's hands off the Bank deposits.

Socialist professors may be better governors than the old type of statesman, who was generally a country gentleman, a lord, or a lawyer. But it must be confessed the Socialist professor is a confoundedly expensive luxury. Mr. Fisher and Dr. Addison are full of big ideas for making a new world, but in finance they are children, and have no notion how to raise the money. And how one bureaucrat helps the other! Dr. Addison can't get any one to build his houses or to lend him the money to pay for them. So Mr. Fisher, proud of his own achievement in saddling the tax and ratepayers with some forty millions for his Education scheme, comes to Dr. Addison's rescue in the *Sunday Times*, and asks the public to take the 6 per cent. housing bonds on grounds of "local patriotism."

This is puerile and impertinent prattle. People subscribed to War Loans out of patriotism. Why should the citizen, whose rates have been doubled and more than doubled, whose income-tax is reducing life to a sordid struggle for survival, embark his money in risky building speculations, in order that the overpaid artisan may live in a house for which he refuses to pay the economic rent? The artisan who lives in a house and receives part of the rent from his neighbours is living on charity, just as actually as if he lived in the work-house or received out-door relief. Is not a rent paid partly by rates and partly by taxes "public assistance," to use the modern euphemism for outdoor relief? What is the security? It is the rates of the boroughs: that is to say, if the artisans leave the houses, or are irregular in the payment of their subsidised rents, the deficiency will be made up out of the rates. And the man who has a portion of his rent paid for him by the community is so far from being grateful, that he claims the subsidy as a matter of right, and abuses those who contribute it.

As further proof, if that be needed, how dangerous a Minister is Dr. Addison, take his attitude towards the hospitals. We enjoy the sad satisfaction of having pointed out three years ago the impending ruin of the great voluntary hospitals—and how angry Lord Knutsford was with us! But unfortunately it has all come true; and the insolvent condition of most of the hospitals can no longer be denied. If one thing is obvious, we should have thought, it is that the duty of the Minister of Health is to keep the voluntary hospitals on their legs; to come to their rescue with a well-considered scheme of State aid. It would be the cheapest and the best way, for the old hospitals are very well staffed and organised. But such a policy would not suit Dr. Addison at all: it would be too cheap; besides, he would not have control. So he calls for brand-new hospitals, a policy which has the plain bureaucratic advantage of demanding more money from the public, more building contracts, more

staffs of clerks and secretaries. Dr. Addison moves about surrounded by a crowd of secretaries, like a General and his prancing staff.

A famous music-hall mime requires in these days three motor-cars for the conveyance of himself and his ladies. That is quite as it should be, for "grinning through a horse-collar" (Saxon for film acting) is the one artistic achievement which the democracy rewards with a king's ransom. And let no one think lightly of the possession of three motor-cars; for we read in to-day's paper the advertisement of a 1920 Rolls-Royce at the modest price of £7,200. Think of that for what the late Lord Goschen would have called "a pleasure carriage"! No wonder that cautious men in Lombard Street predict a coming financial crash.

By one vote the House of Lords saved the Archbishops of Canterbury and York from what would have been a grave blunder. The most reverend prelates proposed an amendment to Lord Buckmaster's Bill forbidding the marriage of divorced persons, guilty and innocent, wronged and wrongers, in any church or chapel of the Church of England. Now, it is arguable whether divorced persons should be allowed to remarry. But the Church of England is, whether its bishops like it or not, a State Church: and it is intolerable that what the legislature decides to be legal the State Church should refuse to recognise because immoral. And it would not be for the benefit of the Church either, for people would then resort to the registrar, and the religious ceremony would drop into desuetude.

With all respect to Lord Burnham it is better that the reporting of divorce cases should be left to the discretion of the judge than to the good taste or sense of decency of the editor. No one supposes that the *Daily Telegraph* would ever violate the dictates of propriety. But there are many newspapers of the baser kind that live and thrive on the details of the divorce and police courts. We could name one newspaper owner who has become a millionaire and a peer by "the largest circulation in the world," achieved by devoting his pages almost exclusively to the satisfaction of that vile curiosity that loves to peer into the dirty cupboards of its neighbours.

Lady Astor is pilloried in *John Bull* this week for what the editor calls the hypocrisy of her speech in the House of Commons on "the spiritual idea" and "the dignity" of marriage and the expediency of "tightening up," rather than relaxing, the law of divorce. The details of the Virginia divorce, the absence of both parties, the subsequent arrangement in New York between the lawyers to supplement "desertion" by "statutory grounds," are anything but spiritual or dignified. We are, incidentally, gratified to find that Mr. Horatio Bottomley reads his SATURDAY REVIEW so carefully and regularly.

Some years ago Mr. John Lewis, draper of Oxford Street, entered upon a ferocious war against his ground-landlord, Lord Howard de Walden. The walls of the Lewis premises, stretching down a side street into Cavendish Square, were plastered with inflammatory placards, denouncing landlords in general, and Lord Howard de Walden in particular. If we remember right, Mr. Lewis was allowed to go to the stake, i.e. to prison, as a martyr in the sacred cause of rebellion. Lord Howard, (we still draw on our memory), made it up with Mr. Lewis by selling him the freehold, or renewing the lease on generous terms. Now, in his old age, Mr. Lewis is "hoist with his own petard." His employees rebel against him for tyranny, even as he rebelled against Lord Howard. It is the full turn of the wheel, and is all very amusing. A pleasing and instructive feature of the business seems to be that many working-class customers are showing their sympathy with Mr. Lewis against the trade union of employees. It looks as if there was coming a reaction against the grinding tyranny of trade unions.

THE LEAGUE AND THE LAW OF NATIONS.

MR. ELIHU ROOT, the greatest lawyer in the United States, has arrived, or will shortly arrive, in this country to assist in the construction of an International Court of Law. We assume that this international tribunal will be an appanage or an instrument of the League of Nations; that it will be called upon to decide as between disputant nations on which side the right lies, and, accordingly, to whom or against whom the power of the League will be lent. To compose and arm a Court is easy: the difficulty is what law is the Court to administer? It is waste of time to appoint a Court unless at the same time you give it a body of law on which to act.

What is international law? The phrase has been vaguely and magniloquently used for centuries by writers and speakers, by jurists, publicists, and politicians, without anybody knowing what it is. It is not the *Jus Gentium*, or the *Jus Naturæ*, or the Law of God, or law in the scientific sense of a causal rule. International Law will be found, on examination, not to be a body *totus, teres, atque rotundus* of mandates, or precepts, but to be divided into three categories, two founded on treaties made from time to time between nations by arrangements or bargaining, and the third relating to capture at sea and founded almost wholly on the decisions of British Prize Courts. The two first categories consist of: 1. Treaties of extradition for the mutual surrender of criminal refugees. 2. Treaties of commerce for the fixing of tariffs or duties of import. The international law involved in these two categories admits of little dispute; it is a question of reference to the treaty, of which the interpretation is sometimes arguable. When no dispute is possible over the words, and the treaty is broken by one party, there is a breach of international law.

Far more difficult is the international law (so called) relating to capture at sea and the conduct of war on land. A law, to deserve its name, ought to be clear, uniform, and enforceable. The laws of war at sea and on land are none of these things. Sea law is really based on custom, and, as we said, on a number of decisions of prize courts, chiefly British. Up to the Declaration of Paris in 1856 the recognised law at sea, as far as England was concerned, was that enemy goods and enemy ships were capturable wherever found, and that neutral ships might be stopped and searched. But this was England's law: the European nations, headed by Holland, asserted the doctrine of "free ship free goods," i.e., that a neutral ship could not be searched for enemy goods, a doctrine which the British Navy simply ignored. After the Crimean War, Palmerston allowed us to be persuaded by the other European Powers into signing the Declaration of Paris, which laid down that neutral flag covered enemy goods, and that enemy flag covered neutral goods. It is needless to say that in the Great War just over this Declaration was as nought. The truth is, as we pointed out in an article a fortnight ago, when war breaks out, every great Power makes its own international law as regards its enemy. The Americans have one sea law; the Germans another; and England another. A great maritime and a great land Power will naturally entertain opposite views as to the laws of war by land and sea. Is it the intention of Mr. Elihu Root and the League of Nations to reduce this chaos of international claims and usages to a consistent and uniform code?

If so, we earnestly trust that those who represent Britain will remember that England's paths are on the sea, and that they will not, in pursuit of an ideal, betray our interests as did Sir Edward Grey and Mr. McKenna in 1909 and 1910, by the Declaration of London and the Naval Prize Bill. For it is as well to remember, both as a warning and a curb to impetuous hope, that for three years the whole civilized world was engaged in a laborious endeavour to settle international law. In fact the great Powers did settle a body of international law for the conduct of war by sea and land, which, luckily for England, was blown to

pieces by the guns of 1914. We say luckily, for the "Conventions," if observed, would have destroyed Britain's command of the sea, which was naturally the object of all the other Powers, including France, whose delegates displayed a shortness of sight only equalled by our own. At the Hague Conference in 1907 fourteen Conventions or Declarations were signed by the Powers, beginning with a "Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes," and ending with "A Declaration prohibiting the discharge of Projectiles and Explosives from Balloons"! It dealt, *inter alia*, with automatic submarine mines, torpedoes, bombardment of undefended towns, and capture at sea. How quaint and antique it all sounds! And yet it was only twelve years ago. These Conventions of the Hague Conference were repeated and embodied in The Declaration of London in 1909, a string of resolutions, which, though signed by duly authorised delegates of the Powers, were really binding on none, as the event proved. Then came the Naval Prize Bill in 1910, which sought the authority of Parliament for the constitution of an International Prize Court, which was to override the British Prize Courts and to administer as a body of international law the Conventions and Declarations of the Hague and London. The House of Commons, fresh from a general election, in which the Finance Bill and the House of Lords had been the stakes, joyously passed the Naval Prize Bill, which the House of Lords rejected, and thus saved the Empire from Mr. Asquith's Government and from Germany. In this ignominious way the whole fabric of international law collapsed like a house of cards, very, very luckily for Great Britain.

What is it that Mr. Elihu Root and the other lawyers whom he will meet are about to do? Are they again about to draw up a series of resolutions or conventions or declarations, which they hope may be accepted by the Powers of the world? We know that President Wilson's view about the law of the sea is one which British statesmen can never accept. If Mr. Root is going to press Mr. Wilson's "freedom of the seas" upon the League of Nations, nothing but failure and waste of time can result. But Mr. Root is too clever for that. And France, too, has learned from the war that England's naval supremacy is her own safety. Unless these jurists and lawyers base their code upon actuality, and not upon idealism, both their Court and their Law will be as tinkling cymbals.

PUSSYFOOT IN CANADA.

EXCEPT the province of Quebec (which includes Montreal with a population getting on towards a million), the whole of Canada has "gone dry." As total prohibition has now been in force for over a year since the war, it is possible to examine some of the results, and to consider how they have been obtained. The province of Quebec is governed by the French Canadians and their priests, of whom we have sometimes felt obliged to say things not altogether complimentary. About six months before the Armistice Quebec agreed to go dry for the duration of the war: that is, the provincial parliament at Quebec passed a measure of total prohibition. But the war ending sooner than they thought, the Quebec Government very sensibly returned to the pre-war state of the sale and consumption of alcohol under regulation. We are willing to forgive the priests much of their meddling with marriage, education, and the press, for this saving piece of common sense.

In the other provinces of the Dominion, the local legislatures have passed total prohibition laws, which we don't hesitate to assert were secured by means of corruption and intimidation, and which are evaded by every device which pecuniary fraud can offer to a suppressed appetite. Scarcely a day passes but the Canadian newspapers report arrests for the illegal transportation or consumption of liquor. "At a town within easy distance of Toronto there arrived some months ago a coffin, which was presumed to contain a corpse,

but as the mourners all elected to drive on and the body seemed strangely deserted, the police made an investigation and discovered 'no corpse, but several gallons of liquor in its place.' So serious and so many were the charges made against the Ontario Licensing Commission that an official inquiry was held, which, it is hardly necessary to say, whitewashed the officials, "but there remains, behind an unpleasant suspicion that certain disagreeable blemishes in the administration of the prohibition law existed within the province" ('Before the Bar,' by J. A. Stevenson, Toronto, 1919, p. 198). Alberta is the West incarnate, and the Attorney-General of the province said, "There is a great deal of camouflage about the whole thing. I venture to say that 60 per cent. of the male adults of this province were guilty last year (1918) of some infraction of the Liquor Act. I do not mean that this number were buying from boot-leggers," (illicit dealers), "but they were lying to a doctor and telling him they were sick when they wanted a drink." Here is another passage about Alberta. "To-day the Provincial Government employs local citizens as its sleuths. Apparently regular detectives do not care to undertake the work, for the reason that once they appear in Court to obtain a conviction they become as well known as the famous W. T. Burns, and their usefulness is at an end. The only satisfactory method is to employ a constant stream of fresh detectives, and evidently, if the law of Alberta is to be enforced, every detective on the North American Continent will, in the next three years, draw pay from the local Government. Mr. Boyle" (the Attorney-General) "was very sceptical of the value of the modern tribe of detectives. When a certain railway corporation had employed detectives to watch its own cars, the boot-leggers beguiled them to their service with higher pay. Hardened smugglers would hire an officer of the law as cheerfully as they would hire a taxi, and the enormous profits which they secured enabled them to offer attractive pay." Do our readers like the picture? A province given over to venal detectives!

Let us proceed to British Columbia, the most English and most civilised province in the Dominion, so British Columbians assert. In 1916 the provincial Government (Liberal) handed over the operation of the prohibition law to a Mr. William Findlay, a well-known temperance reformer and ardent political Liberal. He was given sovereign powers for the liquor administration of the province, until it became known that Mr. Findlay, the Commissioner of Liquor, was the king of boot-leggers in the province. "If a thirsty citizen of Vancouver desired to replenish his cellar, did he lay plans with some secret agent to open connections with Seattle, and import the longed-for potatoes as maple syrup or canned tomatoes? He took no such circuitous route to quench his thirst. He simply sent a courier to Mr. William Findlay, Liquor Commissioner of the Province, and his wants were satisfied for a price. . . . Mr. Findlay managed to sustain this double rôle as gamekeeper and poacher for many months, but in the end his strange doings could no longer be concealed; he was arrested, and a cruel Court sent him to gaol for two years. Of necessity he had to resign his post, and many a thirsty soul in British Columbia is willing to declare that they will never look upon his like again" ('Before the Bar,' pp. 204-5). The significant and ominous fact is, as Mr. Stevenson points out, that the public sympathise with the "boot-legger," and mourn his detection. "Government officials seem to think that a Temperance Act is not a law to be enforced, but a source of profit to themselves, and the public seem to regard such an attitude as natural and almost worthy of encouragement," (p. 206). Mr. J. A. Stevenson is a Scotsman by birth, a member of the Canadian Bar, and his book is very temperately written, giving both sides of the question. One parting shot from his locker. "The anxiety of temperance reformers to get a finger in the liquor trade is notorious. In Port Arthur in April one of the leading spirits of the local temperance forces was found to have in his possession large quantities of alcoholic liquors and to be conducting a profitable illicit trade." Mr. Stevenson sarcastically recommends Canadian Governments to employ as administra-

tors of the liquor law, not zealous apostles of temperance reform, but veteran hotel-keepers, who know the tricks of the business and are immune to its temptations.

A chapter in this excellent book, which every friend of liberty ought to help in diffusing through the kingdom, is devoted to analyses of "soft drinks," showing their noxious and sometimes poisonous compounds. We have not space to give these; but suffice it to say that lime fruit, raspberry, and apricot essences are found to contain 50 to 60 per cent. of deodorised alcohol; that in all these beverages with fruity titles there are such ingredients as chloroform, acetic ether, valeric ether; and that the froth on ginger beer is produced by saponin, or the active principle of quillia bark, which, when taken in sufficient quantities, seriously affects the heart.

The moral which we wish to impress upon our readers is a political one. *Obsta principiis!* Resist the beginnings of this most insidious attack on individual liberty. The triumph of Pussyfoot has been obtained in Canada, as in the United States, by attacking the body politic piecemeal. If you can only break up an army into divisions, still better into brigades, and isolate them, their capture is child's play. What has been done in America and Canada with the provincial legislatures, may be done, and will certainly be attempted, in this country with the municipal authorities under local option.

SIR JAMES BARRIE: THE HAPPY DRAMATIST.

SIR JAMES BARRIE has had a new play produced at the Haymarket with the usual results. The critics at once began to sing like nightingales, and London was stirred to its remotest suburb. No word was heard of doubt. The occasion was not one for criticism or assessment. The writer of bright paragraphs for the ladies' corner of the illustrated penny paper sang in perfect tune with critics so serious that, except when Sir James produces a play, they are never known to smile, and critics so urbane that they hardly ever allow themselves to be moved. Even Mr. A. B. Walkley of the *Times* wrote of 'Mary Rose' with a lump in his throat.

We have always paid the warmest possible tribute to Sir James Barrie as a dramatist of inexhaustible invention, enterprising fancy, and a drollery which can be very exquisite, or very crude, according to the luck of the moment. On the other hand, we have never been able to lose our heart to him, but have remained a somewhat tristful spectator of his easy conquests. They saddened us not because we grudged him his success, but because we were excluded from the intense happiness they afforded everybody else. It is not that we are simply callous to the appeal which this author so successfully addresses to the hearts of his admirers. We positively dislike it. As soon as we are conscious of that impending tug at our emotions, we feel just the same as when we see a person with a flabby hand approaching to say "How-do-you-do?" A person with a flabby hand ought, in our opinion, never to offer it in greeting. In the same way we feel that Sir James Barrie ought never to write about babies and wives and mothers. We do not expect to obtain any sympathy for this confession. We should have kept it to ourselves except for the fact that 'Mary Rose' is a play of more than usual interest to the public, and that, in dealing with it, it seems necessary to prepare our readers for a certain coolness towards part of it which they will not fail to notice and to resent. There are parts of 'Mary Rose,' parts which seem tender and true to Sir James's admirers, which affect us as unpleasantly as the sight of the grown man in Etons whom we sometimes see in the pantomime or at music-halls. In this we imagine ourselves to be so unfortunately singular that we record our experience as of possible interest to pathologists. "The boy who would never grow up"—surely this is a most charming idea, and not one on which to found a constitutional dislike of so much that delights our contemporaries and so exqui-

sitely stirs their sensibilities. Well: the idea of immortality upon earth is an equally nice conception. It nevertheless inspired Swift to invent the *Struldbrugs*. You will say that Swift was a disagreeable fellow. To which we would reply that it gives us a certain sense of security to be disagreeable in such high company.

We thought at first that 'Mary Rose' was to be a ghost story. Had it been no more than that, we might have joined the happy chorus in its celebration. Sir James Barrie was clearly intended to write the best possible ghost story for the stage. His theatrical cunning, his quick fancy, his fantastical suggestiveness, and, above all, the touch of the elfin and the disembodied which is upon all his best work, would have made it possible for him to hold us enthralled and frightened in that empty house where we first hear of the ghost of Mary Rose. But this was not to be. Mary Rose is only a ghost now and then. At intervals she becomes flesh and blood, a sweetheart, a wife, and a mother. For the behaviour of Sir James Barrie's sweethearts in 'Mary Rose' or in any other play we cannot fairly hold him responsible. It is a fixed tradition of the English stage that falling in love reduces the parties to a condition of childish imbecility. This applies particularly to the traditional young man, who invariably proves his affection for Titania by assuming the ass's head. Sir James simply follows the tradition, with the pretty individual touches here and there for which he is renowned upon two continents. 'Mary Rose' as wife and mother, on the other hand, belongs more particularly to her author. It is true that Sir James Barrie's allusive domesticities, whether droll or sentimental, belong to the common stock of our lighter literature; but the touch is strangely individual, the touch of art which we agree in life to call the touch of the *faux bonhomme*, the touch of one to whom such allusions are a graceful habit rather than a necessity of nature. The ease and delicacy of these passages on the love of mothers and the devotion of sons, their pretty aptness and promptitude, the lack of any awkwardness and constraint, the facile alternations between grave and gay, the happy fluency of it all—these are qualities which belong peculiarly to the playful sentimentalist for whom such things are light excursions of the pen rather than difficult adventures of the heart. We resent the dreadful facility of these appeals. We feel like Hamlet in his encounter with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, "S'blood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe?" We have a horrible feeling that these things, of which our author writes so intimately, that these tears and smiles which for his admirers are as "the uncertain glory of an April day," mean as little to Sir James as the sufferings of Hermia and Helena meant to Puck in the wood near Athens. That frightened questing look of Mary Rose for her baby, which moves deliciously so many hearts, has upon us the same effect as a dog's nose upon the impervious hedgehog. Moreover, we feel of these all-too-human moments of Sir James Barrie's that here is an author false to the real gifts with which a liberal Providence has endowed him. We see the pure fancy of a heartless elf spoiled with irrelevantly human intrusions. It is as though we had caught Ariel crying over the latest number of the Heartsease Library.

We are not suggesting that Sir James does not suffer the thing that he writes. We should be quite prepared to behold him, pen in hand, with the tears streaming down his face. We do not feel that his sense of tears is that of the crocodile, weeping in cold blood. We think of him rather as we think of the Walrus and the Carpenter:—

"They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand."

There is no reason to doubt that their grief was genuine, and possibly, like Sir James Barrie's, it was infectious. Unfortunately, we can never persuade ourselves to share it.

Our opinion of 'Mary Rose' may be clearly deduced from the foregoing. As the able presentment of a fantastical idea worked out according to the wilful logic of pure fancy, it is at times wholly delightful. As a

human document, we have for it a constitutional antipathy which no amount of public applause can shake or modify. For Mr. Robert Loraine, on whom the purely human burden of the play for the most part falls, we can only express a hearty admiration, wondering the while whether he finds this kind of thing as easy as his author and his audience believe.

POLITICAL PEEVISHNESS.

A NOTE of decorum and imperfect peace now permeates political controversy; it is almost a case of sulks within the silent home. The last spirited effort in denunciation by the Prime Minister took place at Limehouse, where he sneered at the House of Lords, and spoke of the First of the Litter. This was not very subtle, but perhaps he thought that territorial magnates would understand the language of the farmyard. The agricultural interest has now formed a stud-book in which the choicest pedigree sows appear—a kind of Pig's Debrett—and from this volume Mr. Lloyd George may have taken his similes. The dullness arises partly because we have a Coalition, and partly from another influence. The present Entente Cordiale between the Manor and the Manse has abated the violence of the Rev. Dr. Clifford. The pastors of Bethesda and Little Bethel now sit on the platforms of fox-hunters and brewers. Success among munitions and woollen goods has affected religious and social quarrels. Statistics prove that when the martyrs and prophets of Dissent become rich, they set up a carriage, drive to church, and are lost to the Radical Party. The number of motor cars owned by Bible-Christians and Original-Baptists are a serious menace to the Nonconformist Conscience, and the National Liberal Club.

But if the Coalition has put vehemence out of fashion for the moment, there are in politics some feline amenities. Not long ago the faithful Commons refused to pay for the Lord Chancellor's bath. Since that incident the Lord Chancellor has in Lord Northcliffe's Sunday newspaper derided the Coalition, and he did the same thing in a speech in the House of Lords. Now another newspaper suggests that this speech was perhaps a jest, and goes on to say: "It was anyhow not so excellent a jest as that grave Corybantic display—foxtrots to Brahms—which had the Lord Chancellor for its inaugural host." Parliamentarians should welcome such parties among the dusty purlieus of Westminster; they would be a revival of picturesque and even of royal revels. Rumour states that inquisitive legislators on the prowl in India admire the postures and condescensions of dancing girls. If this is the case, it would be illogical for them not to assist in rescinding the adverse vote. "Noblesse oblige." As the leading legal adviser of the Government has received an Order from the King of the Belgians, so the Commons should give him the Bath. The Coalition Whips could then send for the serious, but illustrated, catalogues of Messrs. George Jennings, Ltd., and domesticity in high places, as a good example to the Middle Classes, would be encouraged. In the time of Elizabeth "My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls." In his youth the gay Lord Quex must surely have been bidden to balls at the Court; and Lola Montez, an effective diplomatist, was called a Saltatory Pompadour. Lord Steyne, who had purchased his Marquisate and his Garter by political jobbery, stated with regard to an entertainment to be given at his house: "This Temple of Virtue belongs to me, and if I invite all Newgate or all Bedlam here, by God, they shall be welcome!"

Luckily this attitude of criticism is not so acute as the remarks in the 'Rolliad' as to a former Lord Chancellor, Thurlow, 'How to Make a Chancellor.' "Take a man of first-rate abilities, with a heart as black as his countenance. Let him possess a rough inflexibility, without the least tincture of generosity or affection, and be as manly as oaths and low manners can make him. He should be a man who will act politically with all parties, hating and deriding everyone of the individuals which compose them."

A few more political statements as to leading politicians will be found to prove that Mr. Lloyd George does not wear all the laurels of vituperation.

Lord Chesterfield stated "that at the beginning God created three different species, men, women and Hervey's." John, Lord Hervey, who was Lord Privy Seal in 1740, incurred the savage hatred of Pope. Some of the lines run thus:—

"Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart;
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord."

Henry Fox, Lord Holland, who as Paymaster-General acquired a large fortune, was described by Gray as "old and abandoned by each venal friend." And he shows how that statesman disliked the people of London because of their fidelity to Pitt. Fox is supposed to be speaking from his house on the coast of Kent:—

"Ah!" said the sighing peer, 'had Bute been true,
Nor Murray's, Rigby's, Bedford's friendship vain,
Far better scenes than these had blessed our view,
And realised the beauties which we feign.

Purged by the sword and purified by fire,
Then had we seen proud London's hated walls,
Owls would have hooted in Saint Peter's choir,
And foxes stunk and littered in Saint Paul's."

Wedderburn, who became Lord Chancellor Loughborough, at an early period of his career was thus described by Churchill:—

"Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud.
A pert, prim prater of the northern race,
Guilt in his heart and famine in his face."

A bitter Rondeau appeared in the 'Rolliad' on William Eden, afterwards Lord Auckland. Originally a Tory, he supported the Coalition Government in 1783; then deserted the Whigs and joined Pitt, who made him Envoy Extraordinary to conclude a commercial treaty with France.

"Around the tree, so fair, so green,
Erewhile, when summer shone serene,
Lo! where the leaves in many a ring,
Before the wintry tempest wing,
Fly scattered o'er the dreary scene.

Such, North, thy friends. Now cold and keen
Thy winter blows; no sheltering screen
They stretch, no grateful shade they fling
Around the tree.

Yet grant, just Fate, each wretch so mean,
Like Eden, pining in his spleen
For posts, for stars, for strings, may swing
On two stout posts in hempen string!
Few eyes would drop a tear, I ween,
Around the tree."

The Letters of Junius are full of curious personal malevolence and vindictive statements. Space only allows of one quotation. Writing to the Prime Minister, the Duke of Grafton, Junius says of Lord Weymouth, who was famous for his conviviality:

"Yet he must have bread, my lord—or rather, he must have wine. If you deny him the cup, there will be no keeping him within the pale of the Ministry."

A case of full-blooded political rancour may be found in more modern times. O'Connell suggested that Disraeli possessed just the qualities of the impenitent thief on the Cross, and was probably descended from him!

Mildness, rather than peevishness, impelled a colleague to tell a flamboyant parliamentary orator, who was also President of the Local Government Board, that he did not know the difference between rating and perorating. The present calm will not be of long duration. The vivacity of hired stabbers will be born again. Company manners and fluffy utterances will be put away. Important press proprietors will unite private cabals with virtuous candour.

THE SECRET OF SHEPHERD'S BUSH

(By G. H.)

SHEPHERD'S BUSH is too vast a subject for a single essay. The rise and fall of the White City—that Bayswater Bagdad, that Samarkand of the Suburbs—invites of itself an historical treatise. I find something inexpressibly sad in the tattered stadium, the deserted mountain railway, the peeling mosques, the domes and minarets of broken lath and stucco. They are more pathetic than anything in Pompeii. Again, one may regard Shepherd's Bush in its aspect as the essential suburb. It marks the place where Kensington finally gives up the struggle. It is the interregnum where Notting Hill has ceased to be "central" and Acton is not yet "in the heart of the country." For to Shepherd's Bush could neither of these descriptions by any stretch of the imagination be applied. It is all pure suburb and nothing else.

I have here neither the space nor the desire to pursue my theme through all its myriad ramifications. I would go at once to the heart of the matter, to suggest, if I can, what is the essential Shepherd's Bush, the place, the whole place, and nothing but the place. Now it will often happen that the mere name of a district will suggest its atmosphere more exactly than pages of description. The word "Paddington"—"mournful, ever-weeping Paddington"—as Blake calls it, summons up at one stroke a picture of that damp and dismal quarter. The name of Roehampton is like the place, an epitome of old-world stateliness. Futility is expressed alike by the sound as by the town of Tooting.

With Shepherd's Bush this is not so. One must admit that the name of Shepherd's Bush uttered alone, fails to give the essence, the very attar of that region. It is not a purely pastoral place. Theocritus would not have felt at home there. At its cinemas only can bush-rangers be seen. No longer does the shepherd "untie his wattled cotes" by Holland Road or Upper Addison Gardens. It would seem at first sight the very obverse of Sicily. Certainly the words "White City" get closer to its secret. For the White City is not confined to the grounds leased by Mr. Kiralfy. Whiteness shows itself in the Fun Fairs, shines from the Cinemas, is answered back by the plaster skating rink, receives far-off echo at the Palais de Danse, grows garish and overpowering in that mammoth, the Shepherd's Bush Empire. It is all a white city. Its key-note is incandescence. It is this side of it which has been so well expressed by Mr. T. W. H. Crosland, who is, as far as I know, the only English poet whom Shepherd's Bush has yet inspired to song. His fine sonnet beginning "Preposterous stucco, naughty ropes of light" reflects at once and in a line all its brilliance, and yet I feel that Mr. Crosland's picture is imperfect. It gives one side only. Look below those serpentine illuminations, those bangles and necklaces of light, and you will find them shining upon greensward and symbolical allotments, turning to an unearthly green the sprouts and cabbages of yester-year. The key to its secret is found not in one, but in two names. This is, indeed, a white city. But it is also Shepherd's Bush. It has a veneer of artificiality. The substratum is wholly rustic and pastoral.

Between these two aspects of Shepherd's Bush there is an outward contrast, but nothing essentially incongruous. Once realise that the dwellers there are really rustic, are in fact shepherds manqués, and you will understand why all this riot of light appeals to them. It is because they are bucolic that they enjoy a booth. They like the bright arcades because they are themselves arcadians. It is precisely because they are countrymen that they chose to live in a permanent country fair.

And so, to catch the spirit of the place you must approach it from the north. The woods, alas! have vanished from Wood Lane, but take the tram from Willesden when the evening light is growing indistinct, and you can fancy without effort that you are passing through the country, through a land where shepherds

are accustomed to sleep and dwell. Far to the west stretches Wormwood Scrubbs, a clear mile of grass and trees. Behind them are the shadowy spires of churches inviting you to believe that old-world villages nestle in Acton Vale, and that down Ealing Broadway the ploughman is leading home his weary team. You cheat yourself with easy visions of winding rivers, of red miles of ploughland, of hedged meadows of sleeping stacks and byres. To the east a further field separates you from the lights of London—a distinct and distant city. And your tram will before long halt before a warm inn that reflects the sunset on its windows and faces its own triangular plot of lawn—a Trust House, but indomitable still. Then when Shepherd's Bush at last arrives, you will see it for the first time as a Fair, as the countryman's and not the cockney's paradise. Those white structures will seem as impermanent as the barrows that flare upon faces and oranges all down the Norland Road. It will seem natural that by the dawn the Rink will have gone and that the Empire will be dismantled and carried away on creaky caravans. To-morrow, you feel, the grass will reassert itself. The silence will only be broken by the ring of the forges of Hammersmith. It will be with pleasure or with pain according to your temperament that you will be recalled to realities, and remember that it is the booths that will stay, and the grass that will assuredly disappear.

CORRESPONDENCE

QUEENSLAND AND MR. RYAN.

SIR,—The Agent-General for Queensland states that he was disappointed not to find, in the last issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW either a confirmation or a refutation of the Auditor-General's figures submitted by him in a statement which appeared in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW of the 24th ultimo. He thought that sufficient time had elapsed to allow for the checking of the figures referred to, and, seeing that the question of the correctness of the figures was raised in a manner which reflected on the Queensland Auditor-General, no time should be lost in admitting their accuracy or evidence submitted otherwise.

He further stated that, if it would in any way convenience the Office, he would be pleased to furnish a copy of the Report specially prepared for Parliament by the Queensland Auditor-General on the State enterprises for the period under review, and also a copy of the Queensland Treasurer's statement as submitted to Parliament on the 6th January last.

In justice to Queensland and a large section of the investing public in this country who are interested, he did not consider that the matter should be allowed to rest in its present unsatisfactory state.

HARRY H. FOWKE
(Secretary).

[We append an extract from the *Sydney Bulletin*, signed James Edmond of Sydney, Nov. 22, 1919, on which we grounded our Note. The *Sydney Bulletin* and Mr. Edmond do not appear to take the same view of the Auditor-General's Report as the Agent-General, which is not our fault.—ED. S.R.]

"His (Mr. Ryan's) enterprises at June, 1919, had, in addition to the loans they started with, £534,738 of overdraft.

The Government had bought up twenty-nine stations and gone heavily into the sheep and ox trade. It didn't supply its butcher's shops from these, but sold the meat at the best profiteering prices. The state shops were supplied with meat commandeered from private owners. The stations were taken over in exchange for bonds bearing only four and a-half per cent. interest, though the Government cannot borrow below £5 13s. 6d. All the same, twelve of the twenty-nine cheap-money stations were run last year at a heavy loss, and if the accounts were lumped the whole twenty-nine showed a loss.

The state butcheries apparently showed a loss despite the cheap commandeered meat. At least on a turnover

of £550,000 net sales exceeded purchases by only about £19,500, which couldn't possibly pay interest on the capital invested. The butcheries really do nothing remarkable in the way of supplying cheap meat, for they cut out the cost of delivery and make customers call for the food. There are very few of them, and the number isn't apparently being increased; also they are by necessity in thickly-peopled districts, for that kind of trade can't be done anywhere else.

The lone state trawler caught fish which cost £2,226 to get and realised £136.

The Assistance-to-Farmers Fund, after four years' working, was £47,550 out.

The boasted and boosted State pub—one pub to 670,500 square miles!—was in debt. The State farms showed a small loss. The State produce agency was in debt. The fish-dealing business (as apart from the trawler) showed: Receipts, £60,279; outgoing, £70,017; loss, £9,738. These new State enterprises were really pettifogging, one-man-and-a-barrow affairs, tremendously advertised, capable of supplying billets to a lot of friends and of losing much money, but not big enough to exercise any influence on the life of the people."

THE ANCIENT GRUDGE.

SIR,—Permit me to break a friendly lance with your leader writer, the sting of whose otherwise admirable article on Owen Wister's book will be found in the tail thereof. The thesis that alliance against a common enemy is the only thing that will cement the political friendship of Britain and the United States seems a somewhat hopeless one. Neither in our belated association against the Germans, nor in any of the proceedings subsequent to the Peace of Versailles, can one discover much improvement in Anglo-American relationships. But if the common enemy should, as your writer suggests, be our old and faithful Ally, Japan, who came into the war in August, 1914, not to make the world safe for democracy, nor because she had any national quarrel with Germany, but in honourable fulfilment of her treaty obligations, such friendship would, indeed, be dearly bought.

Japan, be it remembered, is still ruled by *sahibs*, whose word, not lightly given, is less lightly broken. The fantastic suggestion that they have designs on India or any other British possession is one that I, who have known the Japanese very intimately for more than twenty years, regret should have been made. The humour of it in translation may not be so apparent, as doubtless it will be to your readers.

TOMASU.

THE VALUATION OF LABOUR.

SIR,—To deal with the singular estimates put forward by Sir L. Chiozza Money, it is surely obvious that while practically any healthy physical specimen can become a labourer or moderately skilled artisan, not one in hundreds or thousands of the population is fitted to be a "leader of thought," a "judge in Israel," or an active agent in the literature and civilisation of his time. "How shall he get wisdom that followeth the plough, that driveth oxen and is occupied in their labours?" asks the often quoted yet scarcely questioned Greek-Hebrew preacher, who fully realized the other half of the truism. "Without these shall not a city be inhabited. And they shall not dwell where they will, nor go up and down. But they will maintain the state of the world," &c., &c.

Elementary physical labour is the foundation-stone of civilised life. "Without these" there can be none of the social, physical and intellectual evolution after which all vigorous races eternally crave.

But this does not mean equality, it means a properly graduated "social cone." The "mass" of humanity begins everywhere with a vast stratum of comparatively simple elementary animal vigour.

The main entrance for 999 out of every 1,000 destined denizens of the human world is through the great gate of the proletariat. That vast body has not only to "maintain the state of the world" by doing the work best suited to it, all that it can do, but also to strive, to

rise, to supply out of its descendants those upper strata which can by no other means come into existence, but which, once evolved, will be doing higher, more valuable "work" than their ancestors, and, like them, aspiring after still larger interests and higher ideals.

Civilised existence is not built horizontally but vertically. It is not a pile of masonry but a growing tree. That the roots in the soil are not the full flower and fruit is no reflection on them.

As we cannot live by washing each others' clothes, so neither can we all be (equally) civilised at once.

The value of each several class's contribution to the whole national life may be difficult to estimate. But it must be based: (1) *Upon the degree of sacrifice asked of the individual*; and (2) *Upon the utility of that sacrifice to the whole society*. The scavenger, the ploughman are as necessary to it as the scientist or the statesman; but it is the *type* that is necessary in the first case, not the *individual*. On no intelligent ground could they ask an equal remuneration.

But again tasks of arduous mental or physical labour may well be more highly paid than others associated with more responsibility (such as that of a railway guard) which in fact are partly paid in the coin of dignity and comfort.

Examples may be inadequate and inferences imperfect, but the rearrangement of wages must be based upon some such reasoning or upon a blank self-willed tyranny.

G. H. POWELL.

IS THE LABOUR PARTY FIT TO GOVERN?

SIR,—Mr. Churchill, I believe, answered this question in the negative. The Labour Party are clenching the argument against them by selecting as their Parliamentary Candidate for the Lancashire Division a Conscientious Objector. They refuse to allow the men who defended them from slavery to earn their living: they now add insult to injury. Fit to govern the country! God forbid such an experiment.

C. F. ABDO WILLIAMS.

THE SWINDLE OF POLITICS.

SIR,—I find I have still to learn in the sphere of politics and worldly wisdom.

In 1918 I was a mere company commander of infantry. After the Armistice, when the General Election came on, my Mess was in the habit of getting the *Times* and the *Daily Mirror*. A week before this election, however, these papers were lost, and the *Daily Chronicle* came in their stead. Naturally, being a keen student of politics, I protested, but "owing to the exigencies of war" the papers above mentioned were unprocurable!

When I came home, with approximately £200 but without a job, I found through answering advertisements that numberless vampires were willing to give me a £10 lunch and relieve me of my £200 if I put it into some worthless scheme, which they promised would bring in thousands. I had some very excellent lunches and tasted some of the best 1860 brandy possible, but, being wise, I never took my cheque book with me.

Now I see that Hease has been sentenced to five years' penal servitude. Apparently Tyson Wilson, M.P., and Jack Jones, M.P., have been on intimate terms with this criminal. Did they not know that Hease imposed on the credulity of certain members of the present Shoreditch Borough Council and was actually selected as the next Socialist candidate for Parliament in 1912-13? He drove his own Rolls-Royce and entertained royally.

These M.P.'s and others make our laws, but they are led away by the bluff of a crook. Are they fit men to govern? and why wasn't the jury's rider infinitely stronger?

25 YEARS OF AGE.

CAN WE SURVIVE?

SIR,—Some little time ago you allowed me to point out certain consequences which would inevitably flow from the new system of paying the "Wages of Humanity" in place of the economic wages which represent, not intentions, but results. I suggested that the people

who would gain most by such Humanitarianism would be the coloured races of mankind, and I submit that the strikes which are constantly taking place in India and, to a lesser degree, in South Africa, prove that Asiatic and African workers are awakening to the fact that the Russian revolution, levelling, as it did, all dignities, classes and distinctions, sounded the death-knell of European ascendancy. Bolshevism is democracy in *excelsis*—or in *profundis*, it depends upon your standpoint—that is, Bolshevism is universal Communism as opposed to national Communism, which we call Socialism, and, being logical, it is the form which is bound to prevail. The British Trade Unionist does not like to recognise this, for the idea that blacks and yellows should share his inflated wages and bloated privileges is very distasteful to the dignity of Labour. Such indignation, however, will be of no avail—having destroyed the aristocracy of rank, you cannot preserve the aristocracy of colour. In this connection we may note that the employment of black troops by the French Government in the occupied districts of Germany was meant to humiliate the Germans, and no doubt had this effect, but it will proportionately exalt the blacks, and was therefore a grave mistake from the standpoint of European Imperialism.

Your correspondent "Tomasu" considers that there is little in common between Chinese and Japanese. True, but there is the fellow-feeling which inevitably results from a common proscription—from the humiliation caused by the Colour Bar, a humiliation from which they are both determined to be free. The Japanese supported their Government in entering the war on the side of the Allies largely because they hoped that the sacrifices to be made would justify Japan in demanding for her nationals the abolition of every form of proscription, and their disappointment at the failure of their hopes is not unlikely to lead to a revolution, or at any rate to the adoption of universal suffrage, which would make military resistance to Bolshevism impossible. The recent desperate fighting in and round Vladivostok shows that the Japanese Government is at last alive to the dangers of Bolshevik propaganda, but whether this awakening has come in time is a thing at present very doubtful.

Mr. Judge urges us not to take "too pessimistic a view" of the present condition of affairs, but I maintain with all respect that things could scarcely be worse. The relations between employers and employed are almost everywhere deplorable, chiefly because no one dare tell the wage-earners the truth, which is that, so long as wages and taxes (including rates) rise, the price of goods will rise proportionately, nay, may even rise disproportionately, inasmuch as the penalisation of thrift means dearth of capital, and shortage of capital by limiting equipment adds enormously to the cost of production. A cessation of saving is the capitalist's equivalent for a strike, and the slump in gilt-edged securities is a warning to the Socialists that thrift, which supplies labour with the implements of production, may be penalised into despair.

The substitution of political payments for economic wages has, I repeat, done infinite harm. Instead of being placated by the Sankey award, the miners to-day are more discontented than ever, while the railwaymen regard with contempt the shorter hours and higher wages which the Prime Minister gave them in a moment of panic—a politician who exists for votes is bound to live in a state of perpetual panic—and are now greedily asking for fresh subsidies at the taxpayers' expense. Meanwhile, the agricultural labourer who sees the railwaymen loafing about the stations and the road-scrappers doddering about the roads—in the West Riding, even if elderly and inefficient, they get £3 a week—is getting his hackles up and demanding wages which have no connection with the conditions of farming. The King tells us that we can only recover our position "by strenuous and unremitting industry," while the most advanced trade unionists urge their followers to take as much and do as little as possible. In the meantime, the position in Ireland gets steadily worse, and the list of murdered policemen gets steadily longer, to the enor-

mous satisfaction of the Labour extremists in this country.

What is the moral of all this? Surely that instead of spending vast sums on armaments we should at once cut down our naval and military expenditure by one-half at least, and concentrate on securing economy, and on getting things settled at home. Instead of getting a mandate for Mesopotamia and worrying about Palestine, we ought to take out a mandate for Ireland, and recognise that so long as rapine, outrage and murder are the order of the day in a portion of the British Isles, we have no right to preach at the unspeakable Turk.

C. F. RYDER.

THE BLUFF OF THE BATH.

SIR,—From some remarks in a recent issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW it appears that you are getting in line with most other English speakers and writers in adopting the policy of praising America at the expense of your own country.

I refer to your article on the great bath tub question, in which you state that the Americans, as a nation, excel the English in the matter of personal cleanliness. Perhaps that is so; but, as one who has lived thirty-one years in Ireland and twenty-two in the United States, I say from intimate, personal experience that, class for class, the Americans of to-day are no cleaner in their persons than were the Irish of a quarter of a century ago, except perhaps in the care of their teeth. From my point of view, therefore, your statement amounts to the assertion that the Irish are cleaner than the English, which is one that you would hardly make.

Probably there are more bath-rooms in America than in Great Britain, even allowing for difference of population; but a bath-room, *per se*, does not mean personal cleanliness. In some houses the tub is used as a convenient bin in which to store potatoes, flour, coal, etc.; in others it is generally half full of clothes in some stage of being laundered; and sometimes it contains trimmings of fish, etc., *en route* to the garbage pail. In fact I have found, during a twenty-year experience of residence with families of various classes, that the bathtub is a great modern convenience, but only to a limited extent conducive to personal cleanliness.

In boarding and "rooming" houses even of a fairly superior class the bath-room is a sort of "Pool of Siloam," where the inmates wait each morning for an angel to stir the waters so that they may get in, one at a time. The angel is represented by the temporary occupant who has been shaving, washing his face and hands, etc., and whose opening of the door is the signal for a rush by the expectant throng without. The daily, matutinal tub is out of the question, unless the family is very small, and many Americans, even of the "white collar class," when they have become possessed of a new bath-room will tell one, "It is so cute, I am counting the days until Saturday comes round."

Very likely in the homes of the aristocracy each bedroom has its bath-room attached, and I know that is so in hotels of the highest rank; but such bedrooms are occupied by a very small percentage of the American people. The bulk of the professional and business classes have to wait at the "Pool of Siloam" for ordinary toilet purposes, and to look forward to Saturday as the great day (or rather night) of the week. I do not believe they enjoy as much comfort or decency as I did when a young man in Ireland with my tub in my bedroom and my hot water, if needed, left outside the door by the "slavey."

The American bath-room, like many other outcomes of American efficiency, and like said efficiency and hustle, is largely bluff; but the English seem to "fall for it," to use our language of the day.

ENNISKILLEN.

Westfield, N.J.,
U.S.

[If our correspondent thinks that we are adopting the policy of praising America at the expense of our own country, he must be an infrequent or careless reader of the REVIEW.—ED. S.R.]

THE ROW AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

SIR,—While I know nothing of the causes of the row which last week brought the first performance of a play at the Garrick to a premature close, I venture to ask two questions which seem to me pertinent:—

(1) Why should any actress suppose that the public love her for ever and as a matter of course, whatever the merits of her performance and of the play she performs in?

(2) Has not the insincere praise devoted in the press of recent years to mediocre performances justified ebullitions of criticism? Managers nowadays seem to take it for granted that applause is their due, and the commercial gentry carry it pretty far. I remember receiving, before the first night of a play was begun, a notice for insertion declaring that the theatre was crowded, and the applause was unbounded, a model exhibition, in fact, of well justified laughter.

EX-EDITOR.

SHAKESPEARE AND OTHERS.

SIR,—I offer no opinion on the controversy between your Reviewer and Mr. J. T. Looney; still less do I presume to correct Andrew Lang or anyone, but I offer the following extract for their consideration. It is from "The Compleat Gentleman," by Henry Peacham, Master of Arts, London, 1634, of which I happen to have a copy. The author treats of the various arts suited to a gentleman, such as Poetry, Musicke, Drawing, Limning, and Painting, and Geometric. He tells of those who had distinguished themselves in these accomplishments, and ends the division of 'Poetry' with the following paragraph:—

"In the time of our late Queene Elizabeth, which was truly a golden Age (for such a world of refined wits, and excellent spirits is produced, whose like is hardly to be hoped for, in any succeeding Age) above others, who honoured Poesie with their penes and practice (to omit her Majesty, who had a singular gift herein) were Edward Earle of Oxford, the Lord Buckhurst, Henry Lord Paget: our Phœnix, the noble Sir Philip Sidney, M. Edward Dyer, M. Edmund Spencer, Master Samuel Daniel, with sundry others; whom (together with those admirable wits, yet living and so well knowne) not out of Envy, but to avoyde tediousnesse, I overpasse."

In this breathless seventeenth century sentence Mr. Looney will at once discover that Peacham puts the Earl of Oxford first among the Elizabethan poets and omits Shakespeare altogether. Ben Jonson might perhaps be included among "those admirable wits yet living" in 1634. But I am inclined to think that Peacham disregarded low fellows like Shakespeare and Jonson, as quite unworthy of notice by the very superior persons for whom he wrote 'The Compleat Gentleman.' It will be observed that the two untitled poets mentioned, Spencer (as he spells the name) and Daniel, were the friends of noblemen and courtiers. Dyer, I think, was afterwards Sir Edward Dyer. Your Reviewer may agree with me.

H. B. DEVEY.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

SIR,—While I welcome your remarks on 'The Reform of English' (April 17th), I venture to doubt the wisdom of the policy you suggest concerning foreign words. You write: "The tendency—it is nothing more than an ignorant fashion—is to print them in italics and to refuse to adopt them into the English family," and you make the reservation, "We must scrutinise their passports, no doubt." Surely we do this best by putting them in italics, or quotation marks, until we have decided that we really want them. If we exert no censorship over them, they will run riot and destroy the natives. Already we are becoming hideously Americanized, and I notice in a recent book on smart society a host of French words, two-thirds of which are quite unnecessary. These alien words sometimes imply habits and a way of life which are quite un-English. Do you, for instance, wish our young men to "yell," as the Americans do, at athletic contests?

W. H. J.

REVIEWS

HOW OUR ANCESTORS LIVED.

A History of Everyday Things in England. Part II.
By Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. Batsford
8s. 6d. net.

FOR the first part of this work, dealing with the period 1066—1499, reviewed in these columns, we had nothing but praise; but this Second Part is not nearly so good as its predecessor. Its authors have been spoilt by success, and the latter pages of the book in particular show, to put it mildly, signs of haste. The first chapter, on the Sixteenth Century, is the best. The account of the development of the ship in particular is very good, though credit for the growth of the Navy should have been given to Cardinal Wolsey as well as Henry VIII., but the rise of our foreign trade is suitably indicated, and we welcome it the more gladly that its importance in our usual historical text books is little recognised. It is curious to read the quotation from the unnamed Dutchman who visited England in 1560, and spoke of the "fragrante floures (which) with comfortable smell cheered me up, and entirely delighted all my senses," and to contrast it with Erasmus's description of the appalling state of English rooms some forty years earlier, with their floors strewn with filth and their nauseous odours; the authors would have done well to quote the earlier passage and to draw the moral of the social improvements which took place between the early years of Henry VIII. and those of Queen Elizabeth. We regret the Tudor spelling attached to Fig. 5 and its footnote; nothing is gained by it, and one may fairly ask, would the authors write "Ffysshinge boate," were they illustrating one? Nevertheless, the chapter on Tudor England has merits, and we are interested by the extracts from the will of a yeoman, which give a picture of the "everyday things" of 1571. The account of the Elizabethan toy lamb on p. 77, might have been supplemented by a reference to their price as preserved in the nursery rhyme:

"Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell,
If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry Young lambs to sell.
Two for a penny, eight for a groat,
As fine young lambs as ever were bought."

When we come to the Seventeenth Century, there is somehow less of the concrete. Though we are far more intimate with the men of the seventeenth century than those of the sixteenth, there is little help to be gained from this section of the book, and that dealing with the following century is still less satisfying. We are glad, however, of the section on architecture, but the broken pediment over the door in Fig. 59 is not as typical of the seventeenth century as of the eighteenth, and we should have preferred a less exceptional staircase than that of Fig. 60. Moreover, we do protest in the strongest terms against the words "old villain" being applied facetiously to Pepys. Children will fail to see their perhaps humorous intent, and will never get their minds rid of the epithet; labels are dangerous things for the young. It is to be hoped that most children who read this book have heard of Herrick, and the words "the 17th century poet" do not carry us any further than the dates given with them, nor is any reference made to the quotations from him on a later page. Most people will enjoy reading about the mechanism of the spit and the evolution of the matchbox and flintlock, and the boy with a taste for engineering might do worse than copy the whole series of windmills with the aid of the diagrams; the evolution of musical instruments is also well dealt with. It is when we come to the chapter on the eighteenth century that our quarrel with the authors begins. On page 144 it sounds as if the names of Whig and Tory came in with William and Mary; the influence of the tea-table is entirely omitted, yet from the days of Queen Anne onwards it was the most civilising of social institutions; coffee-houses are mentioned in connection with the seventeenth century, but not the

eighteenth; the importance of Vauxhall and Ranelagh is not adequately dwelt upon; the growth of the novel, that supreme achievement of eighteenth century literature, and the influence of the periodical of the *Spectator* type, are not mentioned. These are serious omissions. Further, in the section on children's amusements, nothing is said of the Panoramas, which in the hands of such painters as Sir Robert Ker Porter and Sir Philip Loutherbourg attained considerable importance as Sights of London. To go back a little in date, the authors would do well to annotate the amusements of the town in the reign of George II., by quoting the words of Henry Fielding, writing, for once, in verse:

"I hate the Town and all its ways;
Ridottos, Operas and Plays;
The Ball, the Ring, the Mall, the Court;
Wherever the Beau-Monde resort;
All Coffee Houses and their Praters;
All Courts of Justice and Debaters;
All Taverns, and the Sots within 'em;
All Bubbles, and the Rogues that skin 'em."

A page or two devoted to the Grotto, with quotations from Mrs. Delany and others, at one end of the century, and an allusion or two to the carpet work, gold paper and needlework pictures of Miss Edgeworth and Jane Austen at the other would add realism to the picture of eighteenth century home life. Girls' schools too, and governesses, what an omission!

Here again Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Sherwood are to hand. Nor should Eton and Westminster have been left out of the picture; Gray and Walpole dreaming of being exiled kings that they might enjoy playing at shepherds the more; Cumberland and Cowper with their friends at Westminster; Warton instituting his reforms at Winchester—the material is all there, waiting for the judicious user. Hogarth and Zoffany too, their tables and chairs and curtains, their coaches and sedans, their chimney sweeps, porters, and starved page-boys; and the many schools of London and the country towns—what a God's plenty is before us. The authors had but to use it.

Even in the section on the games we miss old friends, the top and shuttlecock of Jane Taylor, the skipping ropes and dancing lessons of the children which play a part in so many books, and the glories of the wax doll which, as 'Rejected Addresses' shows, was an everyday toy by 1816, and was, in fact, familiar considerably earlier. Further, the stiff wooden soldiers of the Georgian period are not mentioned, nor have the authors drawn upon the classic pages of 'Sandford and Merton,' which are full of everyday things. For vividness we know nothing to surpass the contrasted surroundings of Harry and Tommy, the influence of one boy upon the other, and the effect of their tutor's original ideas of education upon the outlook of both. Still, there is much to be grateful for in the Second Part. If the third chapter should be enlarged and rewritten, the first should be read as it stands by all who fancy they know anything of Tudor England. They will find much that is new and lay the book down with a sense that the sixteenth century is far more real and human than they ever quite believed.

FREETHINKERS AND CLERGYMEN.

Freethinkers of the Nineteenth Century. By Janet E. Courtney. Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d. net.

THE story is told that a distinguished entomologist, looking over an amateur collection of butterflies, was first surprised and then puzzled to find a spider and a beetle carefully included with the Purple Emperors and other brilliant fragilities. Thinking he had lighted on some new attempt at classification or some previously unrecognised anatomical affinity between the species, he asked the collector the reason: "Oh, that," said the pleased amateur, "is just to make it different from other collectors in this country. Other collections are much better than mine, but that touch of originality makes mine the most celebrated."

We were inclined to rank Mrs. Courtney's book in the same category when we found she began her free

thinkers with F. D. Maurice and ended them with Charles Kingsley, sandwiching between these two Charles Bradlaugh, Leslie Stephen, Huxley and others. For Kingsley's presence in the list she is, indeed, not a little apologetic, and with a reviewer's perversity, it is perhaps for that reason that the inclusion of Maurice irks us more. Surely if Maurice is there, Mansel should be there too—and why not Colenso? Mansel may not have been so well known, but he was a deeper thinker than Maurice, who was always rather ineffective. And if one comes to that, why does one find Matthew Arnold here, and not Clough; and why does Bradlaugh, a mere destructive Radical of rather offensive stamp, take up pages that might have been given with better effect to John Stuart Mill?

Mrs. Courtney will protest that she has a right to make her own catalogue. That is absolutely true; but she herself supplies the ground of our objection by the remark at the end of more than one of her sketches that the particular freethinker whose career has just been described was not an original thinker; he merely echoed and popularised conceptions that were in the air. In that case, why put the copy in a book when the original can be discovered without much difficulty? Having given us one shock by including two of the clergy among the freethinkers, why does she give us another by the tacit proclamation of the paradox that a freethinker need not be an original thinker?

That is the real trouble throughout these pages. The biographical sketches are well enough done, and details are touched in with a light and sympathetic hand; but what is well enough for the smaller fry is quite inadequate for the bigger men. Of Leslie Stephen, for example, there is no relevant fact omitted; the relatively minor place which he fills in English thought requires no more space than he is given. But Huxley, an altogether bigger man, is hopelessly cramped; his scientific and philosophical work occupies too large a space to be squeezed into the page or so that remains available after the details of his life have been related; and his curious limitations are not touched on at all.

Some day Mrs. Courtney will perhaps give us an illuminating essay on those limitations. It has always struck us as extremely curious that a man whose knowledge of psychology was profound—as Huxley's remarks on Mr. Balfour's 'Foundations of Belief' shortly before his death, show in his son's biography—should have turned aside altogether from psychical research. His correspondence and his 'Life of Hume' show him to have been something more than the mere rationalist; indeed, the fact that he always fought for his own hand in controversy, disclaiming the assistance of contemporary freethinkers, alone indicates that he was framed on rather bigger lines than they; but the new science of psychology, which began to flourish in the last ten (and most leisured) years of his life, seems to have left him cold.

It is the fashion to depreciate the Victorian age. Mrs. Courtney quite rightly does not do so, but her book does incidentally give us one reason for the present relative eclipse of so many who were once considered revolutionary thinkers. One notices in so many of them a curious combination of boldness and timidity—they were bold up to a certain point, and then they ran away from the logical conclusion, covered it (and smothered it) in a mass of words and a fog of rhetoric, or simply missed the ultimate point altogether. In the book before us, this comes out most clearly in the case of Matthew Arnold, but it was the general fault of the age.

Probably that explains why Newman and his followers had so great a practical advantage over the Liberal Churchmen. They knew exactly where they stood, and they knew precisely what they wanted; authority for them was absolute, and having found authority, they never moved. The Liberal Churchmen were between the devil of rationalism and the deep sea of orthodoxy—their intellect drew them to the former, but their emotional sympathies made them stay as close as they could to the sea. Dean Stanley (who does not appear here) was the typical case. Obviously he felt

more at home in the camp of Huxley and Tyndall than in the unimpeachable atmosphere of Convocation; but he kept a foot in both camps, with the result that it is difficult to say exactly where he stood, or what he stood for. Most of the troubles of the Liberal and Broad Church of the time were due to this divided allegiance; and it was in fact only the absolute reliance on authority that kept Newman and his fellows free from what they called the prevalent taint of freethought, for there is a short passage in the 'Apologia' that marks Newman out as a potential agnostic. It is an extraordinary fact that it was never noted, and quoted against him, by his opponents.

Mrs. Courtney's book is well worth reading. We regret its omissions, and it does not go very deep; but as a record of facts and of sympathetic interpretation it is interesting.

DR. KENEALY ON WOMEN.

Feminism and Sex-Extinction. By Arabella Kenealy, L.R.C.P. Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.

IN this age of unrest when the gradual processes of transition are eclipsed by revolutionary violence, and experiment is encouraged to ride rough-shod over experience, there are few things so essentially experimental as the physical and mental training of the modern girl. While her brother has been slowly and reluctantly released from such bonds as compulsory classics, she has been set free in a thousand ways and placed in a new and practically boundless environment of opportunity. Is it well? There are self-elected umpires of her own sex on either side of the controversy still in progress, who are in diametrical disagreement on this subject, which looms so largely in the general scheme of female suffrage. While Miss Olive Schreiner claims "all labour" as woman's province, Dr. Arabella Kenealy, with the aid of biology, demonstrates the unsuitability, if not immorality, of book-learning and athletics as feminine pursuits. She has mustered in 'Feminism and Sex-extinction' a formidable array of facts tending to prove that the key to human perfection lies in the accentuation of sex differences, physical and mental. In her view "sex differentiations become ever further intensified and more complexly defined as development rises in the scale. Man becomes more man. Woman, more woman." She deprecates with great earnestness the modern movement of girls and young women towards the gymnasium, the hockey-field and the cricket-pitch, and is no less averse from arduous forms of mental effort which tend equally to create in women an "abnormal neuterdom." This outspoken book is, in fact, in the nature of a reply to Miss Schreiner's 'Woman and Labour,' and her eloquent optimism with regard to female potencies. In the course of a closely reasoned argument examples are given of change of sex in low organisms, as in the female oyster, which if starved and thus deteriorated is said to become male, or of variability, such as in the case of female deer which develop antlers as a consequence of internal disease. An outbreak of Feminism, not uncommon among poultry, is recorded of a pea-hen, which after a successful career of motherhood, grew feathers proper to the sterner (and more ornamental) sex and spurs resembling those of the cock bird.

Miss Kenealy remarks on the hermaphroditism of certain butterflies, which have male wings on one side and female on the other, with corresponding differences of internal economy, and reminds us that indications of the existence of primæval human hermaphrodites constituted one of Darwin's greatest puzzles. The problem of physical and psychic duality is discussed at length, and it is here that Miss Kenealy's assumptions are seen to rest on dubious foundations. Her hypothesis of the necessity of "two modes of vital energy," for instance, is not fortified by facts, nor is one inclined to accept her titles of male-half and female-half for the right and left sides of the body respectively. The region of the heart is not to be described as "passive and inert," nor is the left-hand blow of the boxer a proof of abnormality. Biology is a dangerous source

from which to draw analogies, and human duality has in truth baffled and misled philosophers, scientists, and seers of many creeds.

The common sense view of female capabilities tallies, however, in many instances with Miss Kenealy's quasi-scientific postulates. In this transitional period there is still a solid mass of opinion in favour of specialization for men and compromise for women. A compromise, that is, between the duties of home-life and the exercise of talents or abilities which the modern education of girls has brought to light. Painful experiences have taught the mothers of to-day that Miss Kenealy is perfectly justified in condemning violent exercise for growing girls, and that irremediable harm is done to young developing creatures of either sex by urging them to work or play over-strenuously. Most people who have considered the subject from an impartial standpoint will also agree that the demand for an equal wage for men and women is at least unwise. The contention is obviously sound that owing to her naturally lesser physical strength and powers of endurance a woman who is doing work equal in amount and quality to that of a man, "is doing more than a woman's work, and is overtaxing her strength and constitution," assuming, of course, that the man is doing his full quantum.

But all arguments in this connection have been worn threadbare, and at the end neither biologist nor psychologist appear to have anything to say that is so terse, so expressive and fundamentally true as Tennyson's oft-quoted lines, "For woman is not undevelop'd man, but diverse." And diverse, in spite of 'ologies and 'isms, she will indubitably remain.

MUSIC NOTES

THE COMING HANDEL FESTIVAL.—The preliminary choral rehearsals for the Handel Festival, which is to be held at the Crystal Palace on June 19, 22, 24 and 26, will begin at the Westminster Chapel on Monday, under the direction of Sir Frederic Cowen. This will allow nearly six weeks for the work of preparation, which should suffice where the task is so familiar, even after a lapse of eight years. The general musical arrangements are in the experienced hands of Mr. Walter Hedgcock, the organist of the Palace, who will happily have the privilege of inaugurating a practically new instrument. The scheme is exceptionally interesting, notably for the day of the General Rehearsal (June 19), when the programme will include the greater part of that for the Selection Day, besides solos for Misses Agnes Nicholls, Carrie Tubbs, and Phyllis Lett, Messrs. Walter Hyde and Radford. The old order of the proceedings will be changed to advantage by the 'Messiah' performance being relegated to the Saturday at the end of the Festival. A beginning will be made instead, on the Tuesday, with 'Judas Maccabæus,' also one of Handel's finest oratorios and one of the least hackneyed. Then, also, in place of devoting a whole day to 'Israel in Egypt,' a better purpose will be served by including all the best numbers from that great choral work in the 'Selection' programme on the Thursday. With the attractions of the week thus evenly distributed, there seems every promise of a successful revival for this unique gathering, and we hope that the musical public will prove that they still love their Handel by according substantial support.

OUR 'YOUNG VISITERS' FROM AMERICA.—We prefer not to call it an 'invasion!' The word sounds ugly, and besides the visitation is not really extensive enough to be regarded as an attack in force. The simple truth is that, Transatlantic communication being restored, some of the American *virtuosi* (not natives all of them) who made the U.S. their happy hunting ground during the war period, have planned and actually started a pleasant summer campaign in this country. Heralded and manoeuvred by their own New York managers, some of them began operations last week, but not without betraying a slight loss of perspective, during the years that have intervened, in gauging the standard of musical world-performers on this side of the Atlantic. We are so far disappointed, with two exceptions. Mr. Jascha Heifetz made his long expected debut at a recital at Queen's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, and was received with the enthusiasm due to a violin genius of the first order. Certainly we have heard no one like him since Sarasate. His technical gifts are simply amazing; his tone is pure, silvery, and powerful, and his art is entirely without blemish. He played a representative programme, and made a profound impression. Mr. Cecil Taning was here in 1912 and pleased us then, as he does now, by the sterling quality and charm of his voice, a pure baritone, and the invariable intelligence that characterises his reading of a song. He can be dramatic and touch a phrase with deep sentiment, and on the whole we admire him, though we cannot agree that he has the power of infusing interest into a long, dull Loewe ballad like 'Archibald Douglas.' Mr. H. B. Turpin, his teacher, is still his excellent accompanist.

RECITALS.—Recent programmes have produced quite a heavy yield of new compositions, comprising one or two modern aberrations such as the caricature of 'Ragtime' by Stravinsky and a chamber trio by Mr. Cyril Scott, penned evidently during his less

lucid moments. It is hard, however, to be original and still to captivate the ear that yearns for dissonance, as Mr. Arthur Bliss showed us the other day in his clever quintet for piano and strings. Other evidence to the same effect was forthcoming in the more conventional productions of Mr. Boris Levenson, which make no pretence at startling the somnolent listener. Absence of novelty surely could not account for the poor attendance at Messrs. Sammons and Murdoch's recital last Saturday, seeing that the scheme included no fewer than four duet sonatas (by Leken, McEwen, E. Goossens, Jr., and Strauss), not one of which is heard frequently enough to be familiar. We enjoyed the Leken more especially, notwithstanding Mr. Murdoch's occasional tendency to become the predominant partner. Miss Lily West and the Grimson Quartet were content with known works—quintets by Schumann and Brahms—whilst worthily exemplifying native talent with a capital performance of John Ireland's second trio. Miss Chilton-Griffin on the same evening relied chiefly on Mozart Sonatas and Schumann's 'Etudes Symphoniques,' which she played with notable accuracy, good tone, and strong rhythmic accent. Among the vocal recitalists one of the best organs heard lately was that of Miss Anita Vaughan. She is, moreover, a well-trained singer, if a shade too deliberate in her delivery.

THE MONTHLIES

The NINETEENTH has this month reverted to its original interests in literature and art as well as politics. Canon Maclean wants to know if literary form is now possible: his own ideals seem questionable to the present writer, nor does the plain man use newspaper formulæ. While some moderns are open to the Canon's criticism of want of style, plot, unity, and a range of a few hundred words at most, there are others who are masters in the art. Mr. Harold Hodge opens a new vista to careless observers in 'A Neglected Awakening'—the coming to life again of the field insects—and gives them the pleasure of a discursive ramble with a scholar and a sportsman. The Rev. C. Dimond describes 'Music in the Novels of George Meredith.' It was perhaps because he wanted to throw no doubt on Meredith's musicianship that he did not include the famous occasion when a lady played the whole of the ninth symphony of Beethoven as an intermezzo in a conversation. Dr. Shrapnel's remarks on the piano show him to have been a person of taste. Mr. Rowland's 'Character in Art' takes the right point of view, but does not lead very far. Mrs. Webster shows that much of modern Communism and Bolshevism was anticipated by Babeuf—a stormy petrel of the French Revolution in 1793. She connects his Communism with the Illuminati. Capt. Ewart writes on 'Some Young Women of Modern England,' but he can never recover the first fine careless rapture of Mrs. Lynn Lynton on 'The Girl of the Period.' Mr. Dewar wants some information as to the telegram sent to Gen. Haig in August, 1918, which was intended to stop our offensive. Mr. Oelsner gives us the story of the true victor at Tannenberg, and M. Crabites draws some very important distinctions between English, French, and German procedure at law. He forgets that a solicitor in England is an officer of the court as much as an *avocat* is in France. The number is an excellent one.

BLACKWOOD'S this month concludes 'The Odyssey of Brig X'; gives us a little story out of Herodotus on the line of Kipling, 'The Gold Seekers'; a sketch of a Pathan native officer of the best type; the beginning of a campaign story in Arabia; and a good deal of Ireland. Miss MacMahon contributes a lively portrait of the local Postmistress, and 'Arcturus' describes Sinn Féin. Prof. Strahan recounts the career of Wolfe Tone in 'The Heel of Achilles,' and 'An Irishwoman' describes the boycott of her family by the local patriots. The cause of France is well and truly put in 'Musings without Method.'

CORNHILL has some good fiction this month in 'The Pictures' and 'The Secret of Saragossa Farm.' Mr. Stalker describes the lives of the parents of Sir Walter Scott, and 'The Mem-Sahib's Point of View' is a clever defence of the Englishwoman in India against the strictures and implied condemnations of popular fiction. Mr. Brown describes an Elizabethan song

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cycle founded on the old 'I cannot come every day to woo.' We do not gather whether he has the music and what is its value. Mr. Morten has an amusing fishing article.

The NATIONAL gives Col. the Hon. W. Guinness's protest against the vivisection of Ireland first place in the number. Sir H. C. Biron writes on Smollett sympathetically under the title of 'Smelfungus.' 'Inquirer' calls attention to a recent charge against the honesty of Monte Carlo, and Dr. Lee revives the memory of an Arab journalist who described England to his countrymen. The account by 'Onlooker' of the British Mission in Siberia, and of the troubles it had to encounter, is of the first importance to those interested in the revival of Russia.

The ANGLO-FRENCH REVIEW has a number of important papers on literature and art. M. Soltan writes on the English Public School and its faults very sensibly, but he does not know, like many English critics, the amount of private reading a boy in the upper forms does, and is expected to do. Still, the want of co-ordination, of the art de faire un plan, is a grave defect. M. Maclair writes on the psychology of landscape painting, and M. Fortolis describes the troubles of a young Irish lord, a prisoner for debt at Paris before the Revolution. There is some good verse, French and English.

This month's FORTNIGHTLY appeals to a wide variety of interests. Among its general literary articles is one by Prof. Boas on 'Hamlet and Volpone at Oxford,' in which he reiterates his conviction that Hamlet was not played to the University, but to the city. The University authorities used to pay touring companies to go away without acting. Jonson's 'Volpone,' he suggests, was played by the scholars themselves. Sir Sidney Low has amusing yet serious things to say about the "Movies" and the misguided attempts to use them as propaganda for morals. Mr. Edward Clodd, in a paper on 'Occultism,' satirises the follies and superstitions of the day as observed in all classes of society, and traces them to the survival of the instincts of primitive man. There are two good papers on Russia and Bolshevism, one by Mr. R. C. Long, who is one of the best-informed writers on the subject, describing profiteering in Germany, the other by Col. Keeling describing his experiences in 1917. Mr. Frederic Harrison welcomes the proposed revision of the Land laws, and comments favourably on the letters of Henry James. Mr. Arthur Symonds contributes 'A Note on the Genius of Leonardo da Vinci' which recalls his old skill in the weaving of gorgeous words and fine phrases. Miss May Bateman contrasts Tchekov and Miss Young in their plays of 'The Tune Sisters' and 'The Higher Court.' Four papers on economics, two on politics, and one on Sir Auckland Geddes sustain the reputation of the magazine, and make up a very good number.



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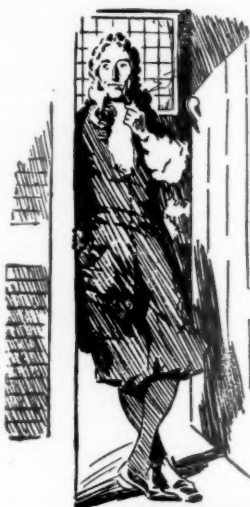
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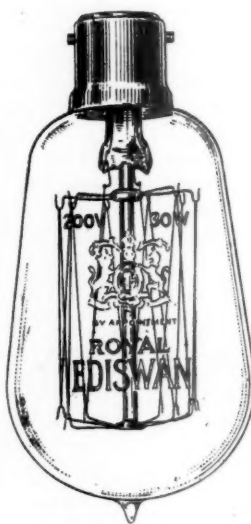
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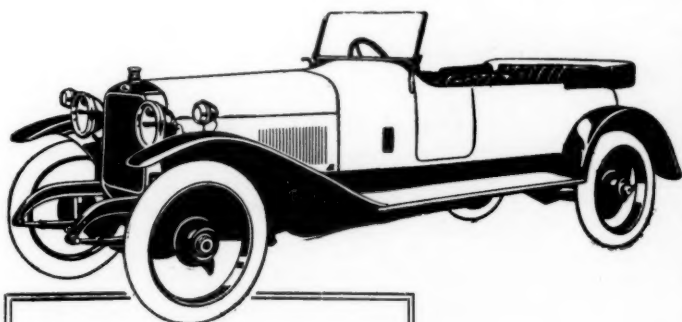
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MOTOR NOTES

There is nothing more vitally necessary in motoring than to see that the engine is adequately lubricated. But we have recently been convinced that a good many drivers are excessively liberal in the use of oil. On a recent jaunt to the South West we followed quite a number of cars which for miles on end smoked from their exhausts. The smoke emitted was in each case of the blue colour which indicates over-lubrication, and its continuance for the distances observed was proof that the engines were oiled in this way deliberately. The drivers of these particular cars, and many others with them, are evidently under a misapprehension as to the effects of excessive lubrication. While admitting that too much oil is at all times preferable to too little, over-lubrication brings its own troubles and is in no way desirable. When one over-oils an engine a considerable quantity of the lubricant generally finds its way into the combustion chamber. Here it unduly enriches the mixture, causes slow combustion, and so contributes to overheating. It also encourages very appreciably the formation of carbon deposit on the piston and combustion head, and occasions knocking in the engine on the least provocation. Another disadvantage is the sooting up of sparking plugs, or the promotion of a short circuit by the formation of a carbon bridge between their electrodes. In cars fitted with an oil gauge the maker's level mark is usually placed at a generous height, and in those relying upon splash feed the indicated height on the sump is well on the safe side. It is not necessary to exceed the indicated supply in any way, provided always that in those systems which are not automatic extra oil is given when the work of the engine is really excessive. With most cars smoking from the exhaust is a sign that the lubrication supply can safely be decreased. With a car

which exhibits a marked tendency to smoke it is very necessary to determine whether this attribute is caused by over-lubrication or by over richness in the mixture. Other symptoms apart, the experienced driver can readily decide this by the appearance of the smoke itself. While oil smoke is a distinct blue in colour, that occasioned by an excessive petrol supply is black. Readers who may observe any of the symptoms of over lubrication we have mentioned, should try cutting down the oil supply until no smoke issues from the exhaust under easy running conditions. Some engines are more prone to smoke than others, but if one's engine has been over lubricated the advantages of restoring a normal supply are readily apparent. The use of a suitable oil for any particular engine is very necessary, and on this point the advice of the makers should be rigidly observed. With air-cooled engines it is desirable to be more generous in oiling than with those that are water-cooled.

There are some people so great that it is superfluous to mention their names; deeds alone proclaim their omnipotence. Besides, why should we give anyone a free advertisement? But readers with a well developed mathematical faculty might profitably exercise it by meditating upon the output of a certain motor factory that shall be nameless. Its directors have not yet been able to reach their determined output of 3,500 cars a day on account of their inability to obtain certain parts. But its daily production is just now being maintained at 3,100. Starters for this particular car are being turned out at 2,880 a day. At present 800 bodies a day are made in the factory, while an ultimate production of 2,000 daily is the announced plan. Employees of this firm in one county alone number approximately 85,000. We will dispel just one doubt which may occur to somebody: this is not a British firm.



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Presiding at the Annual Meeting held at the Prince's Restaurant, Jermyn Street, London, S.W., on the 29th April, the Chairman, Sir Ivor Philipps, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.P., said:—The financial position of the Company is steadily improving; we have no loan from the Bank, and we had on 31st December on the other side £80,697 15s. 6d. in investments, and £17,407 6s. 2d. cash. We have arranged for liberal depreciation in the past year on our buildings, plant, motor vans and horses. We could have put before you an even better showing than we have done if our trade had not been kept back by the impossibility of obtaining all the bottles we required, although we have been more fortunate than most firms in this respect. We have again dealt with goodwill, off which we have written £20,000, bringing it down to £880,000. We shall continue to write this down gradually in any year in which we make fair profits. Our Australian branch has, in spite of labour and shipping troubles, had a fairly successful year.

The Company's profits for the year are £82,966 as against £54,770 last year, or an increase of £28,196, which is an increase of 51.48 per cent. We recommend the payment of a full dividend of 5 per cent. on the Preference and 7 per cent. on the Ordinary, and 5 per cent. on the Deferred shares, so that if you accept our recommendation, the Deferred shareholders get a dividend again after a lapse of three years and the highest for six years. Last year I asked the disappointed Deferred shareholders to exercise patience and support the Board in their efforts to economise your resources and reorganise and develop your business, and it is with much gratification the Board now submit to you these improved results.

You may expect me to give you some forecast of the future. I can tell you that the results of the first three months of 1920 are very distinctly better than the same three months in 1919. Whether this improvement will be maintained rests with forces beyond the control of your Board. We have done, and are doing,

our best to place the business on sound lines, and if you will continue to place your confidence in us we will do our best to see that such confidence is not misplaced.

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The accounts were adopted, and a vote of thanks to the Chairman concluded the proceedings.

LONDON AND SCOTTISH ASSURANCE CORPORATION. BOARD'S POLICY OF EXPANSION—GRATIFYING RESULTS.

THE FIFTY-SEVENTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the London and Scottish Assurance Corporation, Ltd., was held on May 4th at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. Richard S. Guinness (Deputy Chairman), presiding, said:—Gentlemen,—Taking the accounts in the order in which they appear in the report, you will observe that in the life department a record business has been transacted. 2,753 policies were issued, for sums assured amounting to £1,500,290, producing new premiums of £75,716. The total life premium income, after deduction of premiums paid for reassurances, amounted to £457,944. The mortality experience, while still unfavourable as compared with pre-war years, nevertheless shows a marked improvement over the war years, and we are hopeful that it may now assume more normal conditions. The net rate of interest earned on the life and annuity funds amounted to £4 9s. 5d. per cent., being an increase of 7s. per cent. as compared with last year, a very favourable feature of the account. The life funds are increased by £127,766 and now stand at £4,230,402.

In the fire department the premium income shows a reduction of £48,694. This is the immediate result of the policy decided upon earlier in the year, and to which I have already referred. The loss ratio at 51.9 per cent. is, having in view the reduction in premium income, very favourable. After providing for the usual 40 per cent. reserve against unexpired liability, a profit of £27,526 has been made and is carried to profit and loss account.

Turning to the marine account, it will be observed that the premium income amounted to £342,754, the claims paid to £52,459, and the expenses of management to £8,939. Your directors consider this a satisfactory result for the first year's operations, but, inasmuch as liabilities in respect of the account have still to be met, the whole balance, after deducting claims and expenses, of £293,423, being 82.6 per cent. of the premium income, is carried forward. The total funds and assets, excluding uncalled capital, are increased by £874,330, and now stand at £5,771,600. (Applause.)

You will observe that the directors recommend a dividend at the rate of 20 per cent., less tax, which is a 5 per cent. increase as compared with the dividend and bonus paid last year. If you will turn to the profit and loss account, you will note that the interest and dividends earned on proprietors' funds and carried to this account are more than sufficient to cover the dividend which is now recommended.

I have now to move:—"That the report of the directors, together with the statement of revenue accounts and balance-sheet and the auditors' certificate, be received, adopted and entered on the minutes, and that the dividend on the company's shares recommended by such report be and the same is hereby declared."

The Viscount Knutsford seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

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AMALGAMATED INDUSTRIALS.

AN EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Amalgamated Industrials, Ltd., was held on April 30th at Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., for the purpose of considering the following resolution: "That the directors' power to borrow, conferred upon the board by Article 85, clause (E), of the company's articles of association, be extended so that the amount at any time owing in respect of moneys so borrowed shall not without the sanction of a general meeting exceed the nominal amount of the issued share capital for the time being, or £4,000,000, whichever shall be the greater sum." Mr. John Slater presided.

The Secretary (Mr. W. Ernest Treweek, F.C.I.S.) having read the notice convening the meeting, the Chairman said: "Ladies and gentlemen, you have heard the notice and all the shareholders have been circularised. It remains for me, therefore, only to mention the objects for which these borrowing powers are required. You will no doubt have noticed in the Press that Amalgamated Industrials have purchased the Head Line and Lord Line of Belfast, and the Cork Steamship Co. of Cork. By the acquisition of these companies we have obtained an entrance into the Liner Conference of the world. As a matter of interest I would mention that we have acquired in the Cork Steamship Co. the oldest steamship company in the world. They—or rather their parent company, the St. George's Co.—were the owners of the steamer "Sirius," which was the first steamer which sailed across the Atlantic. The managers of the Head Line and the Lord Line, Messrs. Heyn and Sons, celebrate their centenary this year.

There may be differences of opinion, but in my judgment there is no doubt that they comprise the finest fleet of cargo liners in the world. They are built to a specification which is far and away better than that of the ordinary type of cargo ships. In these days, when one sees on every hand that steamers—at any rate, so far as tramps go—are likely to suffer an early reverse in earnings—and no doubt this will apply to liners also—it might be advisable to mention that the terms under which these fleets have been bought represent less than half the cost of building them to-day. (Hear, hear). That is a very strong point in itself so far as the acquisition of these lines is concerned.

Since our last meeting, however, some little notice has been given of the movements of Amalgamated Industrials, and, as I said at our last general meeting, it is necessary in the cycle of industries around which this company is formed that we should obtain large ship-owning companies to absorb the products of our shipyards, which in their turn absorb the products of our iron, coal, and other industries, and your directors are convinced that the opportunity which has presented itself of acquiring these conservatively managed concerns, and of continuing that management in conjunction with our greater interests, is something which will be of benefit to the concern for a long time, and I hope for ever. (Hear, hear). I will now move the resolution. I can only add that the directors are unanimous in their belief that these acquisitions will be of the utmost value.

Sir Thomas Wilton seconded the resolution, and it was carried unanimously.

An extraordinary general meeting of the ordinary shareholders was afterwards held for the purpose of submitting a resolution for the cancellation of the rights and privileges attached to the 5,000 management shares, to the intent that the same should hereafter rank for dividend and in all other respects *pari passu* with such ordinary shares.

The Chairman, in moving the resolution, said: I do not propose to detain you at any length in dealing with this matter, because it is one in which I am personally concerned. Some people might say that I was extremely magnanimous because the prospects of Amalgamated Industrials, Ltd., are very encouraging. There is no doubt they are, and I think my co-directors will agree with me in saying that these management shares, with the rights they enjoy under the original articles which you are asked to vary to-day, have a very great value. I believe, however, that in company finance this type of share is very much to be deprecated.

When I purchased the control of Amalgamated Industrials, Ltd., I insisted upon having the whole of these management shares transferred to me, my object at that time being to exchange them at some future date for ordinary shares. I want to impress upon the public that the whole aim of my co-directors and myself—all practical men engaged in the management of some particular department of this huge combine—is to frame the laws which rule the company that they shall stand in just the same position so far as any interest which they may have in the company is concerned as the shareholders themselves. I think that point does not need to be enlarged upon.

The resolution was then put and carried unanimously.

THE CITY

There is as little sign of enthusiasm over the new Treasury Funding Bonds, and especially over the comparatively new Housing Bonds, as there was when we were writing a week ago. This in spite of the opening of the Housing Bonds campaign, as it is called, with the great City meeting! Mr. Lloyd George is singularly unfortunate in the matter of these City gatherings. It will be recalled that he was prevented from attending the last one during the war, in support of National War Bonds; the past week's meeting was the outcome of a postponement at the last minute to enable him to attend; and now, once more Mr. Bonar Law has been obliged to take his place.

This time the difficulty of filling the place has been greater than ever. The muddle of Government finance could scarcely be more poignantly illustrated than by the fact that Mr. Bonar Law in supporting one national loan had to discredit another national loan, simultaneously on tap. To perform this unprecedented feat he actually had to fall back upon the undignified expedient of giving a personal tip. "If I had money to invest," he said, "and considered which would be the better, I should personally prefer a fixed six per cent. for the period of the loan rather than a fluctuating rate which might go as low as five per cent." Mr. Bonar Law's tip is not by any means convincing.

The fact is that the ordinary investor is not at all inclined to listen to talk of fixed six per cent. or even of fluctuating five per cent. in these days of high interest obtainable to meet high taxation. He is undoubtedly off his feed where Government issues are concerned. Again and again during the past few years he has been told "Here is an opportunity the like of which has never presented itself before and never will again." Prompted sometimes by patriotism and sometimes by other motives, he has risen regularly to the bait with the invariable result that his capital has steadily dwindled. It is hardly likely therefore that he should display a very generous measure of avidity for issues which pay only comparatively low interest, and, above all, have practically no prospect of capital appreciation.

However, it being an ill wind that blows nobody good, while the industrial market is harassed by the Chancellor's Excess Profits Duty proposals, the gilt-edged section has benefited so far as the five per cent. National War Bonds are concerned. The fact that the tax can be paid in the form of the bonds at their par value, with allowance for accrued interest, has naturally brought them a considerable measure of support, and this seems likely to continue until the price is very much nearer par than at present. It should not be forgotten however, that the bonds, to be available in payment, must have been held by the responsible party for a period of not less than six months before such duty becomes payable.

Stock markets, on the whole, have made an indifferent display during the past week, though it can at least be said that there has been less evidence of selling pressure accompanied by some slight disposition to pick up obvious bargains, of which there are many at current prices. As a case in point, international stocks and shares have shown a better front, Paris being apparently about sold out for the time being, and among them Rio Tintos have recovered the amount of dividend deducted. There is one respect in which the Stock Exchange is distinctly active. Quite a roaring business is being done in its Derby Sweepstake tickets. The stake this year is the record one of £10,000 (last year there were two of £5,000 each). As usual, 10 per cent. will go to charities.

Not the least conspicuous feature of the recent fall in prices has been the weakness of Shipping shares. As far as a number of the newer companies are concerned there is justification for this, as the outlook from

a profit-earning point of view is far from encouraging. Construction the world over has been increasing to an amazing extent, and it is estimated that the shipping actually in service already exceeds the pre-war figure by 4,000,000 tons, though owing to dock congestion its influence is not yet fully felt. It is obvious, however, that the supply is now within measurable distance of requirements, and already freights are easier, so that the outlook for some of the recently introduced undertakings which have acquired their vessels at current cost is not over-bright. The older concerns and those with boats standing in their books at a low valuation have little to fear. As Sir Alfred Booth remarked at the recent Cunard meeting, "We are quite prepared for the storm, and the sooner it is over the better." And as Mr. John Slater said, referring to the acquisition of cargo liners by Amalgamated Industrials, Ltd., "In these days when steamers are likely to suffer an early reverse in earnings, it may be advisable to mention that the terms under which these fleets have been bought represent less than half the cost of building them today."

The disposition to pick up Trunk junior stocks at their present levels continues, and as a gamble, there is certainly something to be said for them, though many months must yet elapse before their true worth is known. What is described as the camouflage bill, designed to cover slight defects in the original agreement, has passed its second reading in the Dominion Parliament, and is now before the Senate, where it will probably remain for some time yet. When the Bill becomes law the Committee of Management will take over the reins, and from that time the interest on the stocks in question will accrue. The task of the Arbitrators will follow, and it is suggested at the London office that this may include an extensive examination of the system, so that their deliberations are likely to occupy the greater part of the nine months allotted by the Act. What proportions of the 4 per cent. non-voting stock the First, Second, Third Preference and Ordinary stocks will receive can only be a matter for conjecture at present. Market opinion is that the Ordinary is essentially a gamble, though with the odds in favour of the gambler at the current price. Speculators, however, are for the most part spreading their money over the three Preference issues, and they are probably wise.

A disappointing feature in the mining market of late has been the weakness of the Hampton group, the arrival of whose shares on the London market a short time ago was heralded by highly encouraging cablegrams. The apparent absence of support for these shares is certainly disconcerting for those interested, and especially so because they were introduced at substantial premiums. Enquiries in usually well-informed quarters elicit the expression of opinion that the outlook is as encouraging as ever it was, and that the field has a big future. It appears that following upon the Hampton Plains discovery a big local boom developed. No fewer than 120 companies were formed, of which only four are known here, and the shares of the bulk, as is usually the case, have proved to be worth less than the paper they are printed on—especially considering the high price of that commodity. There has been the customary sequel; good and bad shares have been jettisoned indiscriminately. The term "good" is perhaps hardly appropriate at the moment, as none of the properties have yet reached a stage of development from which the future may be gauged. Still, it may be said that certain of them hold out promise.

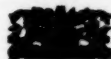
Seldom is it that a prospectus minimises the extent and value of the properties which a company is acquiring. Yet this has occurred in the case, we believe, unprecedented, of the Kent Portland Cement Company, the great undertaking which, with its modern equipment, is to augment our supply of cement—just when the demand for it is intense—at a low cost of production. When the prospectus was issued a few weeks

ago, it held out the promise of production in the autumn; but now it appears that in addition to the works in course of construction the shareholders acquired works at Northfleet which are already producing more than 350 tons of cement weekly and earning a good profit. There was some legal formality, it appears, which prevented the directors making any mention of these Northfleet works in the prospectus, but everything has since been adjusted.

Among the many who are seeking stocks with a prospect of capital appreciation and not averse from taking some risk, some may care to turn their attention to the Chinese 4 per cent. loan of 1895, now quoted in the market at about 70. These bonds, which are in amounts of £19 15s. 6d. and have also their value in roubles, marks and florins expressed on them, have coupons payable on January 1st and July 1st, and are repayable by annual drawings in March at par, for which purpose a sinking fund is provided. They are exempt from Chinese taxes. The operation of the sinking fund, it should be mentioned, will result in the loan being wiped out in eleven years' time. The loan is secured on the revenues of the maritime customs of China, an asset of obviously increasing value in these days. The old Russian Government undertook, should occasion arise, to complete the amount necessary for the regular payment at each due date of coupons and drawn bonds, and it is probable this largely explains the present low price. It should be remembered, though, that the honour of the Chinese in financial matters is, in business circles, quite proverbial.

Quite a little sensation has been caused in the City by the announcement that the Commercial Bank of London has secured the services of Sir Alexander Roger, who, after a spell of most successful organising and financial war work, for which he was knighted, is severing his association with the groups of investment trust companies presided over by Viscount St. Davids in order to join the organisation of the enterprising Commercial Bank. Few financiers enjoy more popularity, or a higher reputation for successful work in the City, than Sir Alexander Roger.

That question as to bonus shares and taxation to which we were referring last week has so far been answered satisfactorily. The considered judgment of the Appeal Court in the case of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue versus John Blott is that bonus shares cannot be considered as income, and therefore are not liable to super-tax. This decision can only be regarded as common justice. The reserves upon which such issues are based have been taxed in the first place, and the shares seem obviously not income, but capital. It must be remembered too that the distribution of the bonus entails the lowering of the market value of the original shares when the rights are deducted in the market.



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NATURAL MINERAL WATER

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The Apollinaris Co., Ltd., 4, Stratford Place, W.1.

5-15 YEAR TREASURY BONDS.

Repayable at Par on the 1st May, 1935.

Bearing interest at a minimum rate of £5 per Cent. per annum payable half-yearly on the 1st May and 1st November.

Price of Issue fixed by H.M. Treasury at £100 per Cent.

Payable on Application.

The GOVERNOR AND COMPANY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND are authorised by the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury to receive on the 3rd May, 1920, and thereafter until further notice, applications for the above Bonds.

The Principal and Interest of the Bonds are chargeable on the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom.

The proceeds of this Issue will be applied to the redemption of Unfunded Debt of early maturity.

The Bonds will be repayable at par on the 1st May, 1935, or on the 1st May in any one of the years 1925 to 1934 inclusive at the option of His Majesty's Treasury or of holders of the Bonds on notice having been given by the Treasury or the holders during the month of April in the year preceding that in which such repayment is to take place.

The Bonds will carry Interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum payable half-yearly on the 1st May and 1st November and subject to the conditions stated below, will carry additional interest payable during the period ending 1st May, 1925, as follows—

If and when during any half-year ended 1st May or 1st November, the Treasury Bills issued to the Public were sold to them at an average rate of discount (as certified by the Bank of England) exceeding $5\frac{1}{2}\%$ and under $6\frac{1}{2}\%$ per annum.	Additional Interest will be payable on the Interest date next succeeding such 1st May or 1st November
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at the rate of 1% per annum.

If and when such average rate of discount was $6\frac{1}{2}\%$ per annum or over	at the rate of 2% per annum.
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The first interest payment, payable 1st November, 1920, will represent in the case of each Bond interest

to that date from the date on which the application was lodged and payment made for the Bond, and will include Additional Interest at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum.

An announcement will be published in the *London Gazette* on or about the 2nd November, 1920, and thereafter half-yearly until the 22nd November, 1924, of the rate at which Additional Interest (if any) will be payable on the next succeeding interest date.

The Bonds will be issued in denominations of £50, £100, £200, £500, £1,000, and £5,000, and may be registered free of cost in the Books of the Bank of England, or of the Bank of Ireland, as

1. Transferable in the Bank Transfer Books, or
2. Transferable by Deed.

Allotments may be obtained in Registered Form or in Bonds to Bearer at the option of the applicant.

Holdings of Registered Bonds, which will be transferable in any sums which are multiples of £5, may be re-converted at any time in whole or in part (in multiples of £50) into Bonds to Bearer with Coupons attached.

Dividend Warrants in respect of registered holdings will be forwarded by post. In the case of allotments of registered holdings warrants for the first dividend, payable 1st November, 1920, will be forwarded in all cases to the original allottees or their nominees. Dividends on Bearer Bonds will be payable by Coupon.

Applications for Bonds, which must in every case be accompanied by payment of the full amount payable in respect of the Bonds applied for, may be lodged at any office of the following Banks at any time at which such offices are open for business, viz. :—

Bank of England.
Bank of Ireland.
Bank of Liverpool & Martin's, Ltd.
Bank of Scotland.
Barclays Bank, Ltd.
Beckett & Co.
Belfast Banking Co., Ltd.
British Linen Bank.
Child & Co.
Clydesdale Bank, Ltd.
Commercial Bank of Scotland, Ltd.
Coutts & Co.
Cox & Co.
Dingley & Co.
Dingley, Pearse & Co.
Drummonds.
Equitable Bank, Ltd.
Fox, Fowler & Co.
Glyn, Mills, Currie & Co.
Grindlay & Co.

Guernsey Banking Co., Ltd.
Guernsey Commercial Banking Co., Ltd.
Guinness, Mahon & Co.
Gunner & Co.
Hibernian Bank, Ltd.
Hoares.
Holt & Co.
Isle of Man Banking Co., Ltd.
Lancashire & Yorkshire Bank, Ltd.
Lloyd's Bank, Ltd.
London County Westminster & Parr's Bank, Ltd.
London Joint City & Midland Bank, Ltd.
McGrigor, Sir C. R., Bart., & Co.
Manchester & County Bank, Ltd.
Manchester & Liverpool District Banking Co., Ltd.
Mercantile Bank of Scotland, Ltd.

Munster & Leinster Bank, Ltd.
National Bank, Ltd.
National Bank of Scotland, Ltd.
National Provincial and Union Bank of England, Ltd.
North of Scotland & Town & County Bank Ltd.
Northamptonshire Union Bank, Ltd.
Northern Banking Co., Ltd.
Provincial Bank of Ireland, Ltd.
Royal Bank of Ireland, Ltd.
Royal Bank of Scotland.
Shilson, Coode & Co.
Stilwell & Sons.
Ulster Bank, Ltd.
Union Bank of Manchester, Ltd.
Union Bank of Scotland, Ltd.
Williams Deacon's Bank, Ltd.
Yorkshire Penny Bank, Ltd.

or they may be forwarded by post to the Bank of England Loans Office, 5 and 6, Lombard Street, E.C.3.

A commission of 2s. 6d. per £100 will be allowed to Bankers, Stockbrokers, and Financial Houses on allotments made in respect of applications bearing their stamp.

Bank of England, London.
30th April, 1920.

Applications must be made upon the printed forms which may be obtained, together with copies of this Prospectus, at the Bank of England; at the Bank of Ireland; of Messrs. Mullens, Marshall and Co., 13, George Street, Mansion House, E.C.4; and at any Bank, Money Order Office, or Stock Exchange in the United Kingdom.